

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

## Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

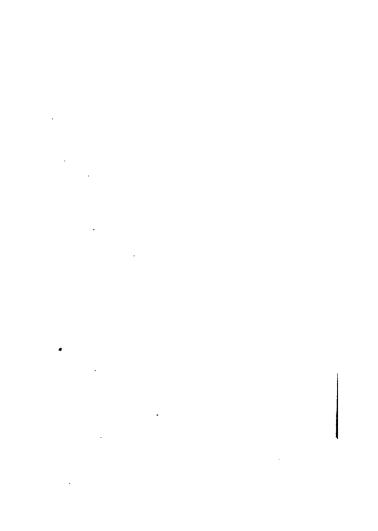
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







. . • •

# HEAVENLY THOUGHTS

FOR

# **EVENING HOURS:**

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH PASSAGES FROM SCRIPTURE.

WITH A SHORT INTRODUCTION.

BY

### LADY CATHARINE LONG,

AUTHOR OF "SIR ROLAND ASSITOR," "FIEST LIEUTENANT'S STORY," ETC.

- " At evening time it shall be light."
- " Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."
- " Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

### LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCCLVI.

141. d. 243.

# EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PAUL'S WORK.

# To

My dear Daughter,

The Edoward of Ercystoke,

This Book is dedicated,

With much lobe.

\*\*\* Where there are inverted commas put without ostensible reason, it means that the word or passage is altered, or added, by the Author.

# INTRODUCTION.

In my "Introduction" to the "Heavenly Thoughts for Morning Hours," I have said that, through much of trial, and much of affliction, by the mercy of God, nothing had been able "to shake my steadfast faith that all that we beheld was full of blessing" to the Christian. Now, after a lapse of five years, and dictating this from a bed of severe and suffering illness, I am thankful to be able to feel the same; and desire earnestly to renew my testimony to the faithfulness of a loving Saviour, a merciful Father, and a heavenly Comforter; and indeed, I could almost say, "The half was not told me."

Dec. 80, 1855.

When I dictated the above few words, I

thought they were the last I should ever send forth to the world. But, by the blessing of God, health has been partially restored; and though it seemed hard at first to be brought back to this life, and, with the "good land" almost as it seemed in view, to be sent round again "by the wilderness,"-for such is even the happiest life here, compared with the bliss of heaven,-yet now a less indolent and less ungracious spirit has been given, and I can bless God for, even painfully, keeping me yet awhile in my old place. and allowing me once more to try and work for Him on earth; for, however exquisite the delightful work of redeemed spirits in heaven, one can hardly imagine any to be of more vital importance than the bringing of lost souls to Christ here, and making them partakers of like glorious hope with oneself, which should be the constant endeavour of those who love the Lord. Truly ought I to say with David, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being:" and though David, perhaps, thought not of eternity when he sung those grateful words, yet it is the Christian's privilege to see clearer, and to know that his "being" never ceases; but that for him to be "absent from the body is to be present with the Lord," and to exchange the often difficult and painful labour of life here, for the joyful and exhilarating work which his Heavenly Father will give him to do hereafter, where neither the weaknesses of the body, nor the infirmities of the soul, will interfere to mar the perfection of his spirit-service.

The selection in this little volume may, perhaps, be found to contain more pieces of deep and solemn feeling than that of the "Heavenly Thoughts for Morning Hours." The events of the last two years, it may be, have at times cast their saddening influences over the mind, while they awoke the more earnest desire of laying deep the foundation of that faith which can alone comfort us in the hour of grief and be-reavement.

But in thinking of that vast flood of affliction

which has swept through our land, how vast do we feel is the difference between true Christians and the children of this world! How great the joy that can be given the former even in the midst of their trouble! how strong the consolations with which a God of comfort can visit them in their grief! There is no wrath in God's dealings with His people. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," shews that the affliction is no mark of anger, only a needed strengthener to the soul. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," speaks of the sorrow as well as of the rejoicing in the heart of an apostle; while "Jesus wept," proves how that gracious and sympathising Being feels for, and understands,

## "The grief that must have way."

His "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," is, however, His people's strengthening possession, and great inheritance; and that, and that alone, can master in their souls the force of the "tribulation which yet in the world they shall have." This union of joy and sorrow, this

power of sincerely saying, "Thank God!" while the tears stream from one's eyes, is perhaps not to be understood where it has not been felt. Trench, in some of his beautiful verses, describes it well; and though selected for one of the "Evening Thoughts," yet a few of the lines may not be unacceptable here:—

"Yet was not that by this Excluded, at the coming of that joy Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy The newly-risen bliss.

"But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart;
And ofttimes scarcely to be known apart,—
That gladness and that woe;

"And both are sweet and calm;
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow;
Both fertilise the soil, and where they flow,
Shed round them holy balm."

Yes! "both fertilise the soil," and not only do "fair flowers" bloom upon their banks, but, also, they "bring forth the peaceable fruits of rights-

ousness to them that are exercised thereby;" to them who know that all things are working together for their good, and whose souls, animated by the love of Christ, desire earnestly to fulfil His word, and perform His will.

And, surely, if anything besides that love were needed to stimulate our zeal and loving-service, if still incitements were wanting to prayer and praise, we might find them in the blessed conviction that those we love and mourn are gone

"To brighter scenes that never, never die."

And how many, during this fatal war, have had that strong consolation! How many have been blessed by knowing that for those most endeared to them by ties of nature, or of friendship, "sudden death has been sudden glory!" What a thought! almost taking our own souls up to those blissful regions. And how should those be thankful who possess the faith to value it! To have felt these consolations of the Spirit, to know that those we love are partakers of the joy of their Heavenly Father's kingdom, might indeed give warmth to

the coldest breast; and when we remember that this is all Christ's work, all the free fruit of His wonderful love, and of His unexampled sufferings, well may we desire that His "kingdom should come, and His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;" that He should be to us all as He has been to those so dear us, our Hope, our Joy, our Life, our Everlasting Salvation!

This feeling it is that has led me, in the present work, chiefly to select passages calculated, with God's blessing, to raise the soul to the contemplation of its high inheritance, and to the deep consideration of the purifying and elevating truths of the gospel; and if they are not always so full of this life's enjoyment as are those of the sister-volume—if indeed, irresistibly almost, the sadness of mind already spoken of, and at times so greatly felt, has somewhat betrayed itself in the words chosen—often commemoratively,—yet still I trust they will be found full of heavenly comfort, of bright aspirations after the blessed Home of the Christian, and of love and devotion to Him who has ascended on high to prepare

that Home for us, that "where He is, there may also His servants be."

The present war is now, it would seem, near its close. May its stern lessons not have been lost upon us! and may we make a grateful and holy use of the peace that seems likely to be given!

But before I quit this subject, there is one name that I cannot resist mentioning—that of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. My poor tribute of admiration, indeed, is not needful to one whose praise is world-wide, yet still it is pleasant to pay it—pleasant to feel and shew that one can appreciate the excellence one could never have emulated. In conjunction with the other admirable women who are working in the same cause—coming to the rescue, as it were, at that disastrous time, when almost all seemed lost—she does indeed deserve her country's deepest gratitude and respect; and it is well that we should express it, and,

#### "Thank them all

For helping us in thrall;
For words of hope, and bright examples given,
To shew through moonless skies that there is light
in heaven."

And enduring, I trust, (should this suffering world have long to last), will be the moral effect of their conduct, even after they, and those whose lives they have saved, may have passed away. Let us hope that the examples they have set may not be lost on their countrywomen. Why should this favoured land be the only one where such things have been hitherto unknown? Ve need not look exclusively to Roman Catholic untries for the example we should do so well follow. In Protestant Prussia we find the ne. In Berlin, there is an Institution\* for the aman hospital, in fact,—where the ladies of

he account of this Institution was given me by the late and delightful Baronne D'Arnim, who died at Paris a few ugo, while her husband was Prussian Minister there. Preto that she had lived much at Berlin, and belonged herself 'institution, taking, with others of highest rank, her turn three months' residence" within its walls. the Court, and others of highest rank and station. take their turns of attendance. Not only do they. as some excellent women in this country do, visit those places, to read to and instruct the poor patients, but they live in the hospitals, each her three months at a time, nursing, and attending personally to all the details of sickness and management, as the nurses do at Scutari, &c.; and. by this means, they not only ensure good conduct among the subordinates, and kindness and attention to the suffering poor on whom they wait, but they carry back to the bosoms of their own families much valuable knowledge of medicine, and experience in the treatment of the sick. Why, I cannot but ask, should not Englishwomen do the same? Objections would be raised, I doubt not, at the idea of their leaving their homes and families; but—though not for so long a time at once, yet much more frequentlydo they not do so when in attendance on our gracious Queen? And if for honour and emolument, can they not do it for the love of Christfor the love of mercy? Could they not trust

those dear to them to the safe keeping of Him whose work they were doing—whose steps on earth they were following? Surely a choicer blessing may be expected when the prayer of him "who was ready to perish" is heard on high for us—when the voices of the poor and the afflicted in

"Grateful intercessions rise, With more than royal pomp, and pierce the skies."

And how many there are, who have no ties of this kind to form a reason or excuse for declining this good work—who are ready, perhaps, ainfully to feel that they have no particular terests in life! Might they not thus "find ildren in all the families of want?" And in if their only riches were Time, might they lay it out so as to obtain usurious interest in the healthy action of their own hearts—the grateful feelings of those to whom they been as ministering angels—from the felt bation of Him (doing it for His love's who, through the most humble of King

people, says—"I was sick, and ye visited me" Yes! happy that heart which can look back, not on days of listlessness and frivolity, and nights of dissipation, but on a Christ-consecrated life of active kindness, of holy benevolence, sympathy, and love! "The harvest is ripe," says Florence Nightingale, in her pamphlet descriptive of a German Institution." "Where are the sick and the poor wanting! Let those women of England, who sit in busy idleness, look at Germany. There are your sisters at work—Christ in their midst. Let Him not say—'I have called my English handmaidens, but they would not answer; I stood at their door and knocked, but they would not open."

Let it not be said so, indeed! God grant that a better era dawn upon our country!

Much, however, as I admire the part that Florence Nightingale is now acting in our hospitals abroad, there is a portion of her life which

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Institution of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, for the Practical Training of Deaconesses, under the direction of the Rev. Pastor Fliedner." Hookham and Sons, 15 Old Bond Street.

appears to me more admirable even than that. A wonderful philanthropy seems ever to have been the ruling passion of her mind; making her devote many months of her youth to the study of the art of nursing in the excellent hospitals of Prussia; there acquiring much of the knowledge she has since so successfully employed; and it is impossible not to see the guiding hand of God in thus, unconsciously to herself, preparing her for the noble work to which He purposed to call her. The manner in which she afterwards devoted herself to works of benevolence here in England is that to which I have alluded as appearing to me more exceedingly to be admired than even her labours abroad. Unobtrusively, and unknown almost, except to some of her nearest relations and friends, to give up her youth and energies to the care of the old and infirm, and to bear with unalterable patience the querulousness, and often ungrateful discontent, and excessive "exigeance," which age, and poverty, and suffering, increased, if not occasioned, was a work, I feel, far more difficult than to go forth on such a splendid mission as hers in the East. Formed for society, with a mind singularly cultivated and refined, delighting in all the beauties of nature and of art, with full, feeling appreciation of the charms of the blue skies of her name-giving birthplace in Tuscany,-to shut herself up with her poor charges, in the gloomiest capital in the world, was an effort that one cannot think of but with deep reverence; and it is with particular pleasure, always, that I recal to mind that that was her first voluntary effort of benevolence, precluding all possibility of thinking that it was a wish for fame and notoriety, or an impulse of mere enthusiasm and excitement, which led her to go forth to minister to our perishing army abroad. It is not for us, indeed, in this our poor estate, to think we must always judge rightly of these things, else I should be tempted to say that were our good deeds,-done for the love of Christ, -to be emblazoned for us on the walls of heaven, the name of "Harley Street" would shine, for Florence Nightingale, in brighter lights even than that of "Scutari."

I know not how I have got upon this theme, though ever a favourite one with me: I had no thought of it when I took my pen in hand, but it presented itself, and I have not rejected it. Nor is it an unfitting thing for one but just herself recovering from long sickness and suffering, to advocate the cause of those whose cases are so far more trying. When one knows, by grateful experience, what it is to be surrounded, at such a time, with attentions unbounded, and nursings unwearied and devoted, it cannot but often occur to the mind what the state of these poor sufferers must be, who are left in poverty and neglect to bear their agonies alone and untended. or, if sent to public places of relief, meet, as is known to be too often the case, with cruelty and neglect from those appointed as their attendants. Of monied liberality there is much in this country,-though still little compared with its vast resources—to the luxuries the rich allow themselves; but of active, gentle, sympathising kindness, of "self-devotion high and pure," how little! Oh that God would give us such an heart as was in His Son !- He who "emptied Himself of His glory," that He might make Himself a minister to the lowest of mankind !-- that, looking to that bright example, we too might see the dignity of kindness, and the beauty of that nature that feels for, and alleviates the sorrows of the sorrowful! Surely there is a deep lesson in those words—"The poor ye have always with you;" heaping a double blessing on the rich. inasmuch as "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Let them lay this to heart; and not only deny themselves, that they may have more wherewith to relieve the needs of others, but spend also the riches of their leisure, of their talents, of their cultivation, on the barren minds -on the ignorance, hardened hearts-on the vice-degraded and recklessly miserable sinners with whom they are surrounded. Nor only so: for many are the virtuous poor, who also have their wants and sorrows, needing consolation;

many a spirit, the purest and the best, living in suffering unspeakable amid the vicious and the lost, "vexing their righteous souls" for the iniquity around, to whom a word of sympathy, of godly fellowship, would be a boon, indeed,—a boon, perhaps, richly repaid to our own souls by the sight of the single-minded hope, of the strong faith, and lively dependence upon God, and wonderful gratitude for the least of His gifts.which godly characteristics of the Christian seem almost exclusively, in this land, to belong to the How refreshing it is often to talk to them! to see the genuine fruits of the Spirit, in all their grand simplicity, in all their unbounded trustfulness! It may be, perhaps, that the faith and love of the rich are more precious in the sight of God than this beauty of religion in the poor; that the resistance that the soul makes against the allurements, and frivolities, and contempts, and "oppositions of science, falsely so called," of the high and triumphant "world," gives a deeper value and more transcendant lustre to the gem that has had such abundant polishing; but, be that so or not, it is still greatly refreshing to speak with those who "hold the truth in simplicity," and with whom there is not found that shy reserve, and almost faithless fear, which so often keep back the rich man from speaking openly, out of a heart in which there is yet stored an abundance of good.

The great division in this land between the rich and poor is much to be deplored: -so little sympathy for each other, so little "fusing" of their interests! Would we could remember that we are all brethren, mutually dependant on each other for the things both of body and soul; beings who, however different may seem their conditions here on earth, yet shall know no distinction when clothed hereafter, in the "skywove" robe of Christ's righteousness. And how much might this gulf of separation be narrowed -nay, levelled off so as to be no gulf, but only a diversity, making social life more beautiful, even as the hills and valleys of the earth form the charm of the natural landscape—if the rich (for it must come from them) were to treat the poor with the

respect which is every honest man's due, speaking to them in words of refinement that could not fail to refine the ear they fell upon, and in tones of tenderness that could not but touch the most hardened heart. It is that which is wanting-personal sympathy. No number of charitable institutions, no amount of munificent subscriptions, will unlock the heart like one look of interest, one low, gentle word of fellow-feeling. The former, however excellent, tend rather to mark the low condition of the poor, and shew him his utter dependence; the other raises him to your side, and places him-where he should be-in the same category of humanity as yourself. Nor let it be feared that this respectful bearing towards him will lessen his respect for you. On the contrary, the deference with which he will regard and trust you will ever be-for the poor are just and acute in their perceptions of these things-in proportion as he sees you disgrace or adorn the position in which you are placed. Teach him to respect himself, by shewing that you respect him, and infallibly his obsracter is raised. Speak to him as if you valued—as you should do—his good opinion; and not only will you gain it, but you will have set him an example which will not be lost: that it is beautiful to have the "law of kindness on the lips."

"Ah, gentle words! kind utterance of pity!
There are, who, being poor, unto the poorer
Are rich, having this wealth. Also, there are,
Who, being rich and bountiful, do lack
Both thanks and love, because their naked almsdeeds

Have no fair human robes of kindness on them."

And here, once more, I will mention "Florence Nightingale." It is the testimony of one who was sent out to the East officially, that whereas before the soldiers had been treated as the lowest of mankind, she, "by her example, has taught the officers and officials to treat them with respect; and her influence will extend to other armies." For so noble a work, what sacrifice could be regretted! And who does not know how the soldiers that she "treated with respect"

adored her! And yet, does not the very admiration one feels for this admirable creature, and those of our countrywomen who are also working abroad, prove how low and degenerate is the general practice of our country in these respects? Does not the bright exception prove the miserable rule? Look at other countries! Besides what we have said of Protestant Germany, look at France! There, the Superior of the Order of "St Vincent de Paul" has at her command thirty thousand nursing-sisters !-- three of whom she granted to accompany our mission to Scutari. And look at the Russian nurses, what they went through! And not only nuns, but voluntary. devoters of themselves to the harrowing work, so much worse even than with us, where there were regular hospitals!

And yet I am unjust to charge it on our country, as if our national character were so far lower than that of others. If we wish to know how Englishwomen can work, let us look for it in the lowest and most miserable parts of London. In the parish of Lambeth, and probably in

many others, may be seen at all hours the English "Sœurs de la Charité," gliding quietly about, penetrating into the abodes of misery and vice, relieving the wants, soothing the sorrows, tending, night and day, the sicknesses of the wretched inhabitants, and, as is natural, winning them over by hundreds to their faith. There it is that we see what our national character is capable of. And shall we leave this divine and excellent work wholly to those of a Church we cannot but deem so erroneous? Shall we so malign our Protestant Evangelical faith, as to let it be thought incapable of training its followers to works like these? It is said that the Roman Catholic does them to obtain salvation. Shall we, then, who profess to know that Christ has obtained salvation for us, and given it us freely as the purchase of His own unutterable sufferings and infinite love-shall we not do for Him, what the Roman Catholic will do for himself? Is there no disinterestedness, no grateful love left amongst us? can none of us afford to "spend and be spent" in the service of Him,

who made Himself a "servant" for us, and came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," that He might be not only Christ our Redeemer, but also Christ our example? Oh! it is a shocking thing that a land so blessed as this is, beyond all other lands—in laws, and in light, and in liberty, in all power and freedom of action—should yet be so backward in good works, so cold in service, so superficial in charity!

"Whence is it that the Tree,
Which seems so fair, should blighted be
From crown to root,
Save here and there a shoot,

To shew what might be were the sap Divine Suffer'd to flow through all and bear its fruits Divine;

While those we judge in error can pour forth On their poor sick the hand and heart's rich worth Of human love, and heavenly sympathy?"

It is because we are too much "conformed to this world," too little "transformed by the renewing of our mind," so that we respect not, nor scarcely understand, "what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." It is be-

cause we have departed from the simplicity of our faith, feeling it a difficulty, if not even a shame to "name the name of the Lord" before this "world which lieth in wickedness." It is because the warmth of Divine love is cherished by us with too little fervour to glow as it should within our breasts, so that our renewed hearts. even, becomes cold and colder, as they come in contact with the frigid things of this hard world, and we can, but at rare and blissful moments, recal even to memory the first joy, the first unbounded devotion, which so overflowingly filled us when first we felt that our own names were "written in the Lamb's book of life." This it is which weakens. our hands, and paralyses our tongues; which makes us so unfaithful, that the worldly man might at times think that we were "even such an one as himself;" which betrays us into the inconsistencies of a divided heart, or of a timid, quailing spirit: which fills us with a host of weak anxieties, and makes the poor services that we do perform lukewarm and effectless. Would we regain once more our lost position, would we be "fervent in spirit.

serving the Lord," we must keep close in our souls to Him. It is not He who has taken His love out of our hearts, it is our hearts which have gradually parted with their strengthening holiness, in exchange for the poor interests, fears, and pleasures of this world. Let us go to Him again, "in full assurance of faith," communing constantly with Him as our nearest and best friend, and we shall soon again re-conquer our "athletic self-sacrifice," our fervent zeal, our delightful confidence! and casting the fear of man behind us, shall once more rejoice in the joy of our Lord, and exult in that peace which passes understanding!

- "O for a closer walk with God!
  A calm and heavenly frame;
  A light to shine upon the road
  That leads us to the Lamb!
- "Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His Word?

- "What blissful hours I then enjoy'd, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void, The world can never fill.
- "Return, O holy Dove! return,
  Sweet messenger of rest;
  I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
  And troubled all my breast.
- "The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
  Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
  And worship only Thee.
- "So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shine on the road That leads me to the Lamb."

Yes! when God is really enthroned in the heart, He lets His bright light shine on our path, gives us a "calm and heavenly frame," and keeps us close to Him in our walk through life. We should not, then, require so continually to consult Him,—though we do indeed often need that;—but His spirit would become so

much our spirit, His will so much our will, that impulsively we should do the things that please Him. When we walk with a friend whose conversation delights us, we are not constantly saying-"Am I going the same way that you are?" The attraction that he is to us makes us instinctively keep close to his side, and walk the way that he walks. And so it would be if we "delighted ourselves in the Lord," and held continual communion—conversation—with Him. We should not always be stopping to examine the way we were going; but, by the impulse of the Spirit within us, we should walk in His paths, and "run in the ways of His commandments." If the main object of our lives was, not to save ourselves, but to do the works, and rejoice in the presence, of Him who has saved us, we should be delivered from self-seeking, and from all the fears and declensions that so often check our course. If Peter had not forgotten the motive that made him so fearlessly at first cast himself over the ship's side,—namely, to go to Jesus.—he would not have been terrified though the winds and the waves had buffeted him ever so fiercely; but losing sight of that, and therefore losing faith, he sunk in the waters.

And we lose our faith so often, and sink down in tears and grief, when, if we would but cast our care upon God, we should find, indeed, how He cared for us! It is a device of our great enemy's to keep us from this restful faith. He likes not that dependance which is sure of its reward; and contrives, if he cannot quite break up the foundations of our faith, to destroy the beautiful superstructure of it stone by stone. By our many sins and failures, he disheartens us quite; and by seeming impossibilities or difficulties, leads us to think we shall never obtain what we ask. But "He who spared not His own Son, but gave Him for us, how shall He not WITH HIM give as all good things?" Having given the greater, that we did not ask, will He withhold the less that we do ask? His own Word tells us that "whatever we ask, believing. He will do it for us." And our own experience

may teach us,-if ever we have put it to happy proof,-that He does hear us, even for the most trifling thing we may ask; nothing that is great enough to interest us being too small for His infinite love to legislate about. What a world of peace might we enjoy if we would only believe this, and, committing our hearts' desires to Him in earnest prayer, wait for the fulfilment of them with assurance of faith! If even our faith be weak, let us use what we have, and trust God where His promises seem plainest and easiest: and then He will "increase our faith" for us, till at last we shall be able to trust Him for all things; and rest our whole hearts and souls upon Him for time and for eternity-for ourselves and for all whom we love. Thus shall we honour Christ, and shew how those who know Him can trust Him.

But it is not what we do for Christ, but what Christ has done for us, that can save us; and if we could keep that remembrance always warm at our hearts, if our love for such intense kindness could always animate us, as it should, we

should almost lose, in the sense of it, the thought of the benefit it had brought us, and, "in the love that is salvation, forget that it is salvation, and see only the love." Then would our steps indeed be free; then, delivered from all thoughts of self, we should begin, even here, almost, the life of heaven!

I have said elsewhere that I thought "the badge of the Christian was joy." I feel it so still; but would add, that surely his "banner is love." It is that, waving high above all, which first strikes the eye when the Great Captain of our salvation draws near to our souls; which disarms our opposition, and assures us of the gracious treatment we shall receive, if we vield ourselves to His power. And never yet did prisoner of His desire to escape His keeping. Their banner, Love-their badge, Joy-their present possession, Peace—their future, an Inheritance undefiled, in heaven, that passeth not away! well may they say, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And long as they may dwell with Him, and deeply as

they may drink of His fountain of living waters, still every day will surprise them with fresh, unexpected instances of His love and mercy, till, turning from His promises to His more than abundant—His amazing fulfilment of them, they too will be ready to exclaim—"The half was not told me!"

WORTHING, Feb. 20, 1856. -



# HEAVENLY THOUGHTS

FOR.

# EVENING HOURS.

## JANUARY 1.

"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."—Isa. xii. 2.

My soul is crowded all with silent thoughts,—
A hush I cannot tell;
Like the strange pauses in a dream,
One motion may dispel.

Yet I must trust Him; He has borne So kindly with the past, I feel that He will give me grace To trust Him to the last. What though the future, with its unknown depths,
Be hidden from my sight!
I know that its untrodden paths
Lead onwards into light.

Yes, I will trust Him who did once on earth Carry my grief alone,— Who look'd for comforters to help,— For friend,—and there was none.

He knows my utmost need; upon His care
I can indeed depend;
He who has kept me through the past
Will keep me to the end.
C. N.

### JANUARY 2.

"He filleth the hungry with good things."—Luke i. 53.

"I am willing that any one should have the world, if I may have what Abraham had,—'Fear not; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward;' and I believe I shall, for it is not the hungry that He has threatened to send empty away."—MISS WETHERALL.

#### JANUARY 3.

"And he shewed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Oh! might I find where those pure waters first Shoot sparkling from their living fountain-head,— Oh, there to quench my spirit's inmost thirst!

Sure, if we follow'd where those waters led, We should, at length, some fairer region gain, Than yet has quaked beneath our heavy tread!—

Some land that should in very truth contain Whate'er we dream of beautiful and bright, And idly dreaming of, pursue in vain.

And, lo! that stream, which early still and late, He had track'd upward, issued bright and clear From underneath the angel-guarded gate.

R. C. TRENCH.

# JANUARY 4.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

"I go to prepare a place for you," was one of the last and most blessed assurances that breathed from the lips of the departing Saviour. Yes, He has passed within the veil as our Forerunner; He has prepared heaven for us; and by His gentle, wise, and loving discipline, He is preparing us for heaven.

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW.

### JANUARY 5.

"Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—Ps. lxiii. 3.

O Holy Ghost, the Comforter, How is Thy love despised! While the heart longs for sympathy, And friends are idolised!

O Spirit of the living God, Brooding, with dove-like wings, Over the helpless and the weak, Among created things! Where should our feebleness find strength, Our helplessness a stay, Didst Thou not bring us strength and help, And comfort day by day?

O Spirit of the living God, In whom our spirits live,— Who, from the cradle to the grave, Dost never cease to give

Such sustenance and daily bread, Shower'd down in bounteous meed; Such streams of living water As our fainting spirits need!

Great are Thy consolations, Lord, And mighty is Thy power, In sickness and in solitude,— In sorrow's darkest hour.

Oh! if the souls that now despise
And grieve Thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek Thee, and would welcome Thee,
How would they bless Thy love!
T. E. B.

#### JANUARY 6.

"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"—Prov. xv. 23.

His parting words to her were—"Let us see to it that we meet each other in heaven." These words she often mentioned to me; and I am persuaded they made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. We are often called to part from friends and acquaintances: and we do not know, when we part, that we shall ever meet again. Let us, too, speak a word on these occasions, which, by the blessing of God, shall be an advantage through life, which shall be a comfort in death, and which shall increase the happiness of eternity.

#### JANUARY 7.

"As I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—John xiii. 34.

This gospel! That as He stood in stead of man, who died On yonder Hebrew mountain, so each spirit Of man, in all true tenderness and love, Shall bear its brother's burthen—helpfully,

As knit in common weakness, common strength Of this humanity, which the Lord pitied, And loved, and took upon Him.

A strange sunshine Upon the unform'd chaos of chill souls, Shedding bewildering light!

### JANUARY 8.

"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures."—James i. 18.

When we understand that love has begun with God, and flows from Him to man, we feel that we can fully depend both on the purity of the spring, and on the continuance of its flow. Ere we had conceived a wish, or breathed a prayer, the Lord, of His own accord, placed Himself in the relation of a Father and a Shepherd to our helpless souls. No reason can be given why He loves us, and takes pleasure in watching over us. All we can say is this—that He is pleased to do so, becauses it pleases Him; and that He is rich in mercy towards us, "for the great love wherewith He loveth us."

The Lord our Shepherd.

#### JANUARY 9.

"Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."—Matt. ix. 2.

What Thou sayest unto the paralytic, O Christ, Thou sayest unto all, in Thy gospel—"Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." A saying which will surely take effect in all who believe in it. Give me, O Lord! to appropriate this saying, and rejoice therein; and let the joy of the Lord be my strength.

DR CHALMERS.

## JANUARY 10.

"Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

—Joshua i. 9.

My Saviour! be Thou near me,

Through life's night;
I cry, and Thou wilt hear me,

Be my light!
My dim sight aching,
Gently Thou art making
Meet for awaking,

Where all is bright!

Oh, through time's swelling ocean,
Be my guide!
From tempest's wild commotion,
Hide, O hide!
Life's crystal river,
Storms ruffle never;
Anchor me ever

On that calm tide!

### JANUARY 11.

"Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart."—Ps. cxix. 2.

Delight always in God, and give Him your whole heart, for He is a satisfying good to it. The largest heart is all of it too straight for the riches of consolation, which He brings with Him. Seek to increase in this love; and though it is at first weak, yet labour to find it daily rise higher, and burn hotter and clearer, and consume the dross of earthly desires.

Archeishop Leighton.

### JANUARY 12.

"He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—Matt. iii. 11.

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not Thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession! Lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings, worthless till Thy grace impart
The fire from heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue! let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!

Thine are all holy things—oh, make me Thine,
So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
Unto that Spirit, which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
Bearing Thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.

MRS HEMANS.

### JANUARY 13.

"But I trusted in Thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God. My times are in Thy hand."—Ps. xxxi. 14, 15.

It is a blessing to know that all is ordered by One who sees past, present, and future; and that what is a perhaps to us, is a certainty to Him, whose name and whose nature is Love.

M. S.

# JANUARY 14.

"O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips."

—Ps. xvii. 1.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Utter'd, or unexpress'd,— The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward turning of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone, The Holy Spirit pleads; And Jesus, on the eternal throne, For sinners intercedes.

MONTGOMERY.

### JANUARY 15.

"But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace, in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."—Eph. ii. 4-7.

Fear not to think it, that to you, poor tenant of the dust, a white robe and a golden harp are offered. Fear not to think it,—all sin-laden and sin-pervaded as you are,—that to the fellowship of angels, and is own society, the Holy One invites you. Fear ot to think it,—that as a believer in Jesus, and so member of His great ransomed body, your very life is soon to be an inhabitant of that world where here is neither sin nor sorrow, and a burgess of nat city, whose streets are gold, and whose gates to pearl. Fear not to think such things, but fear of forget them. Fear not to believe such things, but are to disbelieve them, or to credit them in a cold and armal manner. Fear to get into that habit of mind hich engulfs any amount of God's mercies, as the sean engulfs the argosie, without feeling richer or iller, or giving any revenue back.

REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

#### JANUARY 16.

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to nink anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."—2 Cor. iii. 5.

Send down, O God, thy Spirit unto me, Who am so poor, so wayward, and so frail; Make me to feel I must depend on Thee, Or else must wholly fail.

Thou knowest, and Thou only, how I stray; How my weak heart rebellious turns from Thee; What sudden darkness falls upon my way, Where doubts and dangers be. I know I am unworthy of Thy love; Unworthy in Thy thoughts to hold a place; Yet may I not, O Father, serve to prove, The fulness of Thy grace?

Not that I can for sin atonement make, Not that I have a merit of my own;— Come, for the love of Jesus, for His sake, And His dear sake alone!

Come, and break up this harden'd heart of mine; Come, and Thy glory and Thy grace restore; Oh! let me feel again a love divine, And feel it evermore. D. F. R.

### JANUARY 17.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."—Isa. xxx. 21.

I know not at this time,
What then the Spirit will require of me;
When the hour comes, its voice will not be dumb,
And what it teaches me I shall obey.

SCHILLER.

### JANUARY 18.

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John iv. 16.

What more righteous than love? What more joyful than love? It is the gladness of angels,—the perfection of heaven,—the bliss of eternity! Love is universal righteousness—everlasting joy!

# JANUARY 19.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."— Ps. lxxxix. 19.

Man in his weakness needs a stronger stay
Than fellow-man, the holiest and the best;
And yet we turn to them from day to day,
As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands, that cling To such inadequate supports as these; And shelter us beneath Thy heavenly wing, Till we have learn'd to walk alone with ease.

Help us, O Lord, with patient love to bear Each other's faults; to suffer with true meekness; Help us each other's joys and griefs to share, But let us turn to Thee alone in weakness.

The Dove on the Cross.

#### JANUARY 20.

"Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain."—Phil. ii. 16.

And if in after years the seed I cast
In some lone bosom wake to life at last,—
If but one soul have caught from mine,
The dormant principle of life divine,—
Oh! I should deem my labour cheaply spent!
HANKINSON.

### JANUARY 21.

"Thou art my trust from my youth."—Ps.

It is a blessed thought that from our childhood God has been laying His fatherly hand upon us, and always in benediction, that even the strokes of His hand are blessings, and among the chiefest we ever received. When this feeling is awakened, the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise; it awakens an increasing daily converse with our Father. He speaking to us by the descent of blessings—we to Him by the ascent of praise. And all our life is thereby drawn under the

light of His countenance, and is filled with a gladness and serenity of peace which only grateful hearts can know.

### JANUARY 22.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matt. v. 8.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy, If pure, would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deign'd to bless?

Who but a Christian through all life
That blessing may prolong?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song?

Fathers may hate us, or forsake, God's foundlings then are we; Mother on child no pity take, But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, and seek in vain A fond fraternal heart, But Christ hath given His promise plain, To do a brother's part. Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say, The heavenward flame annoy: The Saviour cannot pass away, And with Him lives our joy.

Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun;
But there sight fails!—no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.
KEBLE.

#### JANUARY 23.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—Col. iii. 1.

There can be no entire satisfaction for our affections in any created thing. As far, indeed, as we seek God in them, earthly affections do become a rest for our spirits, but they can never satisfy all our need. There are deep wants in our nature that none but God can satisfy.

S. W.

#### JANUARY 24.

"Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."—Ps. xvii. 5.

Shew me the way, O Lord,
And make it plain;
I would obey Thy word,
Speak yet again;
I will not take one step until I know
Which way it is that Thou would'st have me go.

O Lord, I cannot see,
Vouchsafe me light;
The mist bewilders me—
Impedes my sight.
Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side;
I dare not go alone, be Thou my guide!

If I have lost my way,
Oh set me right!
If going now astray,
Hold my hand tight.
This labyrinth is intricate and long;
Shew me the right path, lest I choose the wrong.

I cannot see Thy face,
Though Thou art near;
When will the morning chase
Away my fear?
When shall I see the place where day and night
Exist not, for Thy glory is its light?

I will be patient, Lord,
Trustful and still;
I will not doubt Thy word;
My hopes fulfil!

How can I perish, clinging to Thy side?

My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide!

J. E. B.

#### JANUARY 25.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

Do the right deed. Do it in faith, and in prayer. Commend it to the care of God; and though the waves of circumstance may soon waft it beyond your ken, they only carry it to the place prepared by Him. And whether on an earthly or a heavenly shore, the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he once was a sower.—Royal Preacher.

#### JANUARY 26.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."—Gal. iv. 18.

Each word we speak has infinite effect; Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell; And this our one chance through eternity:
To drop and die like dead leaves on the brake,
Or, like the meteor stone,
Kindle the dry moors into fruitful blaze.

Be earnest, earnest, earnest,—mad if you will!

Do what thou dost, as if the stake were heaven,

And that thy last deed ere the judgment day.

The Saint's Tragedy.

#### JANUARY 27.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

—Luke ix. 62.

Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world even these abide, and we
Above the world our calling boast:
Once gain the mountain-top, and thou art free;
Till then, who rest presume; who turn to look,
are lost.
Keele.

#### JANUARY 28.

"He shall choose our inheritance for us."— $P_8$ . xlvii. 4.

O God! when I recall the former years,
In which I ceased not to strive with Thee—
Repining at Thy will, or senselessly
Beseeching what Thou didst not will, with tears,—
And ponder how short-sighted now appears
The noblest of my then views, and so see
With what profound art Thou hast wrought with me,
In spite of self, to launch in better spheres,—
Oh! I am shamed to think what petty fears
Still vex and fret me o'er my mortal lot;
Yea, what a dizzy, wan anxiety
The boding morrow oft wakes in my ears;
As though aught could be that Thou wouldest not,
Or that thou wouldest aught that should not be.

# JANUARY 29.

Poems of Early Years.

"I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."—2 Pet. iii. 1.

Let this be the one grand point with you and me, to grow in the knowledge,—the excellency of the knowledge,—of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Basket of Fragments.

### JANUARY 30.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

Ah, we are slow to learn, dull children all,
We see not, and we hear not what we might;
We start and tremble when loud voices call—
When low ones whisper, we neglect them quite.

Terror and love, all, all are tried in vain,
And pass away like visions of the night;
We disregard the warning and the pain,
And clasp our heart's poor idols with delight.

How soft and beautiful the rosy buds,

That nestle in the fresh green leaves of life!

Who could believe the thorn so thickly studs

The branch he covets, while his hopes are rife?

Good angels say: "Beware, and mark, and learn."

Ah! they would lead our spirits gently home;
But waywardly repulsing them, we turn,
And try, like tottering babes, to walk alone.

Alas! our guardian angels weep sad tears;
Lingering, they wait to welcome our return.
Grief-taught and heaven-taught, in course of years,
We learn the lessons Love would have us learn.
The Dove on the Cross.

### JANUARY 31.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. xxi. 6.

How blessed is this feeling of hope to the mind! I have only to draw near and drink of the water of life freely. Already I feel strengthened in my spirit, and seem less attached to the world. I shall return home with renewed strength; and may God enable me there to repeat what I have heard this day.

You may do so, sister in Christ. The Lord has not opened his hand in your behalf, without also being ready to open your's for those around you. Go home, and tell to all what a Saviour you have found. Tell the wonders of His grace, and invite them to search the Scriptures with firmer faith and livelier hopes, for therein is revealed "eternal life."

Add to your Faith Knowledge. (From the French.)

#### FEBRUARY 1.

"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. 2.

Yes! we are sons of God, though still beset By sorrow, and infirmity, and sin, Fightings without, and grievous fears within; And oft with bitter tears our cheeks are wet. Such are we now; nor may we guess as yet What we shall be, when (this world's stormy din Once ended) we our final rest shall win; Where souls redeem'd all earthly griefs forget. But this we know, that when He shall appear Who is our life,—whatever change shall be In these frail bodies we inhabit here, In these weak souls, not yet from bondage free,—We shall be like Him; and, unveil'd and near, Even as He is, our Master we shall see.

MOULTRIE.

### FEBRUARY 2.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. xxxi. 3.

God's voice was not in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation,—God's essence. Worlds without number

Lie in His bosom like children, He made them for this purpose only;

Only to love, and to be loved again, He breathed forth His Spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and it was warm with the flame out of heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being;—

Love is life!

TEGNER, Longfellow's Trans.

#### FEBRUARY 3.

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thine help."—Hosea xiii. 9.

Yes! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
A brightness from our nature pass'd away!
Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast
Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay.
But One, oh! One alone,
For us the ruin'd fabric may rebuild;
And bid the wilderness again be fill'd
With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone.

MRS HEMANS.

#### FEBRUARY 4.

"I will praise Thee for ever, because Thou hast done it; and I will wait on Thy name, for it is good before Thy saints."—Ps. lii. 9.

Prayer—praise! these form the chariot wheels of fire Which bear the soul, as heavenward rapt she springs;

These rend the veil which hides from our desire Eternal things.

By these the soul, a weary pilgrim here, Anticipates awhile its home of rest; The banish'd spirit seeks its native sphere Among the blest.

Prayer—praise! as holy offerings these we bring
To the heart's altar; secret fears and woes,
Deep eager thirstings for the healing spring,
Whence pardon flows;—

Aspirings to the heavenly life within,—
The quenchless love, the firm repose of faith,
Anchor'd on Him whose power hath freed from sin,
And conquer'd death.

Unpublished Poems.

#### FEBRUARY 5.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

No human sympathy can be perfect; it cannot come close enough to us—it cannot reach the centre of our being. There are inner, deeper tones in our souls, of which we are at times painfully conscious, to which nothing of the earth can perfectly respond. God has wrought these wonderful powers into our nature, that we might be capable of communion with Him, and might be driven to Him, by finding short of Him no perfect rest, no true law of perfection.

S. W.

## FEBRUARY 6.

"My soul is even as a weaned child."— $P_{\delta}$ . exxxi. 2.

Oh, not in fear, great Author of my days,
I lift my voice to Thee—oh, not in fear!
But as a babe, within the refuge dear
Of its fond mother's breast its weak head lays,
Asks not in prayer, nor tells its thanks in praise,
Yet finds support and comfort ever near,
Its gratitude, a smile—its prayer, a tear,
And still receiving gladness, still repays;—

Thus in the bosom of Thy tender care,
I rest, O God! this perishable dust,
Silent and bless'd—nor with praise and prayer
Disturb my pure, unalterable trust.
Where'er I am, enough that Thou art there,
Enough for me, Thou art—and Thou art just.
ROBERT ROSCOE.

#### FEBRUARY 7.

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."—Luke xxiii. 42.

Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, and Thou, most gracious Lord! wilt draw near to us; yea, Thou wilt remember us, now that Thou art come into Thy Kingdom.

### FEBRUARY 8.

"Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever; for they are the rejoicing of my soul."

— Ps. exix. 111.

Is there, to whom the words of pardoning love Have been no idle dream, no empty sound,— Who, earth forsaking, hath sought peace above, And peace hath found?

Let him, the blest, the ransom'd, the forgiven, On faith's strong wing his joyful spirit raise; And, with a foretaste of the joys of heaven,

His Saviour praise.

Unpublished Poems.

## FEBRUARY 9.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing."—Isa. xxviii. 12.

I looked into the Holy Book for you, sweet; and lo, now, this is the word:—"At that day ye shall ask in My name; and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and believed that I came out from God." If it please God wake you in the dark, you will not be faint with such a word; and now, dear heart, good night.

Magdalen Hepburn.

#### FEBRUARY 10.

"Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember as waters that pass away."—Job xi. 16.

Do with me what thou wilt,
Submissively and still,
I will lie passive in Thy hands—
Do Thou Thy holy will.
Tis Thine to choose—my portion let it be
To acquiesce with deep tranquillity.

Transfuse my soul with light;
My spirit unto Thine
Unite, and let me thus receive
Thy Spirit into mine.
Absorb'd in close communion, let me feel
The peace of God into my bosom steal.

Thou art the sanctuary
Of the regenerate,—
The Hope, the Comforter, the Strength
Of the disconsolate.
Enshrined within Thy presence, let me see
Thee only, and forget all misery.

The Dove on the Cross.

#### FEBRUARY 11.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 16.

The question has sometimes been asked—"How can men distinguish the influences of the Divine Spirit from the emotions of their own hearts?" He who has once seen the sun in his glory, needs no other argument to convince him it is not a light of his own creating.

# FEBRUARY 12.

"And their prayer came up to His holy dwelling-place, even unto heaven."—2 Chron. xxx. 27.

Go up and watch the new-born rill, Just trickling from its mossy bed, Streaking the heath-clad hill With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
How far in ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send?

Even so, the course of prayer who knows? It springs in silence where it will, Springs out of sight, and flows, At first a lonely rill;

But streams shall meet it by and bye,
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chant of many parts.
Keble.

### FEBRUARY 13.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—Rom. viii. 1.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation." Wondrous words! spanning all this chaos of human sin and feebleness, with their heavenward bridge of strong security.

MERKLAND.

# FEBRUARY 14.

"Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures, for with Thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 8, 9.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!

All creatures have their joy, and man has his;
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure,
Rather hereafter, than in present is.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up the head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink,
He may attain to after he is dead.

HERBERT.

### FEBRUARY 15.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

—Rom. xiii. 12.

Would you be young again?
So would not I,—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I hie;
Life's dark flood forded o'er,—
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way,—
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,—
Heavenward away!

LADY NAIRN.

### FEBRUARY 16.

"The fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. xv. 29.

The knowledge of the free gift of God to us, is the only true spring of freely giving ourselves, all that we are and have, to Him. Cold duty then becomes the willing service of free love. Prayer, from a formal act, becomes the language of communion with God,—the natural confidence of a child telling its necessities to a Father willing to supply all its wants. Praise flows as it were spontaneously from a grateful and rejoicing spirit. In one word, God in his true character becomes known, and Christ is received as all in all.

Education for God.

### FEBRUARY 17.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."—Ps. lxv. 2.

"I will praise Thee for ever, because Thou hast done it."—Ps. lii. 9.

Oh! when the weary heaviness of life
Is fallen on us, bearing our hopes to earth,
And to the grave beneath, then it is good
To pray to God, who will not turn away
His sorrowing children from the door, but helps,
Comforts, and heals them. Better still to pray,
When everything around us prospers well.
Pray in the hour of joy;—the purest bliss
Of life kneels down before the eternal throne
In thankful tears, praising with hard-clasp'd hands,
The only Giver of good things.

TEGNER (translated by J. E. D. Bethune.)

#### FEBRUARY 18.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head."—Ps. cx. 7.

Praise arises from a consciousness of mercies

Ą

received—a spirit of conscious gratitude—filling us with a conviction that God loves and cares for us, even to the least event, and smallest need of life; and that we actually have received, and do now possess as our own, gifts which came direct from God.

## FEBRUARY 19.

"For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified; whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us."—Heb. x. 14, 15.

Mercy and light—mercy and light! Our Father in heaven does not give them for a hire. Take them out of a gracious hand that has paid a bitter price for the gifts—take them! Take them from Him who has made the sole sacrifice that can stand in the sight of God.

MERKLAND.

#### FEBRUARY 20.

"Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember Thee in Thy ways."—Isa. lxiv. 5.

Think much of God's chief mercies, and take thankful note of His lesser gifts. And when you have put on this girdle of gladness, your glory will sing, and your gratitude will rejoice. Your soul will be happy, and your joy will find outlets in adoring praise, and vigorous industry.

Life in Earnest.

# FEBRUARY 21.

"Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me."—Matt. xxviii. 10.

Thou knowest our bitterness—our joys are Thine— No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild; Nor could we bear to think, how every line Of us, Thy darken'd likeness and defiled,

Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou call'st us brethren: sweet repose
Is in that word—the Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

KEBLE.

#### FEBRUARY 22.

"I will meditate upon Thee in the night watches."—Ps. lxiii. 6.

At the close of this day, which has been crowned by Thy mercies,

And which must never return! Lord, laden with Thy benefits,

And full of faith in Thy promises, I pause to bless Thee!

The gifts which sustain my life, the joys which embellish it,

My pleasures, my health, my happiness, The blessings I possess, those that I hope for, All do I owe to Thy bounty!

If I have cast away deceit, if I have triumphed over sin

In the depths of my troubled heart,—if, spite of its wishes.

I have fled from vice, and maintained peace in my soul,

It is Thy grace which has saved me.

Before Thy majesty divine, my heart, snatched from the perils

Of the day, humbly bows down. A thousand dangers

Ere the dawn may arise to trouble my soul,

And overwhelm me in sin.

Can I then, in these dark hours, when midnight throws her shadows

Around us, like garments of mourning,—can I forget The Holy One, and the Just, who, at His august tribunal,

Awaits me beyond the grave?

If Thou createdst the unclouded day, Thou createdst also

The dark night, alike rich with thy gifts. Night makes Thy holy voice be heard, pressing thy fear upon the heart,

And the deep need of thy pardon.

Behold me, then, Thou God whom I love!
Imploring Thy mercy in the solemn darkness of the night;

Behold me, strengthless and alone, invoking thy guiding hand

To sustain and lead me.

Separated from light, and the things of sense, abandoned

To the secrets of slumber, my mind's torch will be extinguished,

And my body, peaceful and still, will press the insensible couch.

Which may soon resign me to the tomb.

Watch o'er me while I sleep; if my soul, but half awakened,

Feel itself a prey to ensnaring visions, save it from being unfaithful

To Thee, and deign to watch over it for good, By pure and happy dreams.

While silent I rest on my couch in the deep calm of sleep,

May Thy name still hover on my lips; and may the thought

Of Him whom I adore, Lord! be the first That I find on awakening.

Thus do I entrust my whole being to the God who sees

And penetrates the secrets of the dark hour.

May Thy grace shower upon me treasures of peace and joy,

Of truth and innocence.

Separated from the objects of my tenderness, banish from us

The dangers which pursue us day and night. Come beneath

The roofs of our dwellings; and with sleep shed on our hours

The peace of Thy love.

Mayest Thou this night touch and console those who meditate

On Thy words,—the poor and the afflicted. May it soften

The pangs of suffering, and open a wide field of hope
To the chain-bound captive.

O Lord, have pity on the world! There is a darkness more profound,

That Thy grace alone can dissipate. Shield wretched sinners

With Thy wings, lest eternal night should fall and enwrap them

In black gloom for ever.

"Shew us thy love, Saviour! who borest our sins in thy deep heart

Exhaustless, and on Thy thorn-crowned head; that we may love.

If but a little, and bless the patient arm that points to heaven,

And bears us on the way."

Chiefly translated from the French.

### FEBRUARY 23.

"His compassions fail not."—Lam. iii. 22.

He polishes the jewel, year by year,
With ceaseless care, and chisel sharp and keen,
Shedding paternal drops of pity clear,
Where the hot edges of the blade have been.

He wills His glory should by thee be shewn,
Thy patient cheerfulness, thy quiet faith;
Thy heavy cross, borne silently alone,
In His dear steps, who loved thee to the death.

He is thy Father, and thy heart can tell
The deep, deep meaning of that holy word;
A Father, from whose blessed lips "Farewell!"
Shall never through eternity be heard.
By Him were all thy bright affections given,—
Restore them now, all sanctified, to heaven.

C. N.

#### FEBRUARY 24.

"My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned."—Ps. xxxix. 3.

I stand, and silently; I breathe no word,
For words are feeble, when the breast is stirr'd;
And ere a thought be shaped, or sound be heard,
The voice within me utters all to Thee.

Poems of Early Years.

#### FEBRUARY 25.

"Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God."—Eccles. viii. 12.

"I was moody and restless the other day," said Hugh, "desponding of every thing, and I came upon this psalm: 'Truly God is good to Israel, even to them that are of a clean heart;' and it made me ashamed of myself. I had been disbelieving it; and because I could not see how things were going to work good, I thought they were going to work evil. I thought we were wearing out our lives in a wearisome way, and I forgot that it must be the very straightest way that we could get home. I am sure we shall not want anything that will do us good, and the rest I am willing to want."—MISS WETHERALL.

## FEBRUARY 26.

"Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 9.

There are refreshments sweeter far than sleep,
Though its soft power
Might gladly close the vigils I now keep
From hour to hour;

And hush these vain imaginings to rest, Which silence in my heart its dearest guest.

O! I have heard His voice, His voice of love In the still night,

Sweet as the songs from seraph-harps above, Tranced in delight.

It haunts my memory, lives within my heart, And makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

Those who have heard it once, can ne'er forget
That voice divine;

With it compared earth's accents are not sweet. .

My God! I pine,

A dweller in those palaces to be, Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harassed by the din Of earthly thought;

All will be holy and serene within.

My spirit fraught

With deepest reverence, with intense desire, Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

Hours of Sorrow.

FEBRUARY 27.

"Herein is love."—1 John iv. 10.

Not father nor mother

Loved you as God has loved you; for 'twas that you might be happy

Gave He His only Son. When He bowed His head in the death-hour,

Solemnised Love its triumph; the sacrifice there was completed.

Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising,

Whisper'd low in the ears of each other, the answer, But dream'd of before, to creation's enigma—Atonement!—

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is the Atonement.

TEGNÈR. (Longfellow's Trans.)

# FEBRUARY 28.

"There is no fear in love."—1 John iv. 18.

Then love your gracious Father, child of man! Strive to perform His will; not that you fear, but that you love:

Love has a willing heart,—fear is the bond of slaves; And perfect love casteth out fear. TEGNER.

#### FEBRUARY 29.

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."—Luke xv. 21.

Every blessing is to us as the ring and the best robe which were given to the prodigal, as tokens of forgiveness, and a gift of Fatherly compassion. The more conscious we are of our own unworthiness, the larger will His gifts appear,—the more full of all kinds of sweetness. It is this that fills the contrite with more especial joy.

#### MARCH 1.

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."—
1 John ii. 1, 2.

Go to Christ. So long as thou art in life, put thy confidence in the death of Christ alone. Confide in nothing else; commit thyself wholly to it; mix thyself wholly with it; throw thyself wholly on it. And, if the Lord God will judge thee, say-"Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment; otherwise I contend not with Thee." And if He shall say, "Thou art a sinner," reply-"I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins;" and if He shall say, "Thou hast deserved damnation," let thine answer be-"Lord, I spread the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between Thee and my demerits. I offer His merits for the merits I should have had, and have not." If He still insist that He is angry, reply again -"Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thine anger."

Said to be written by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and used as a form of consolation for the dying, about the year 1000, Reprinted in Germany in the year 1476.

### MARCH 2.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but hath passed from death unto life."—John v. 24.

Is life begun?

For all who live for ever, must, new-born,

Begin to breathe that life divine on earth.

Poems of Theodosia.

### MARCH 3.

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up."—2 Peter iii. 10.

Thus bad and good their several warnings give,
Of His approach, whom none may see, and live;
Faith's ear, with awful, still delight,
Counts them like minute-bells at night;

Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn, While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts that cower In wilful alumber, deepening every hour;

That draw their curtain closer round,
The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel
Thee nigh.
KERLE.

### MARCH 4.

"Yet doth He devise means, that His banished be not expelled from Him."—2 Sam. xiv. 14.

"Walter," said the dying young man to his brother, who was a lad fifteen years of age, "you are very fond of books,—almost as fond as I have been; but don't follow my example in opening every other book but the Bible. I put it off for a long while; and it is only through the amazing love of Him who 'so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,—it is only through His mercy that I am now enabled to rejoice. Take that Bible, Walter, as my last gift;

make it your chief study; 'let the word of Christ dwell in you richly with all wisdom.'"

Abbot's Fireside.

### MARCH 5.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

—Rom. vii. 24.

Yet even now, in this repentant hour, I feel the strength of my obdurate will, Striving to hold its fast receding power,— Striving to conquer still.

Oh, quench that power and purpose so malign, And let Thy sovereign mercy thus appear; Even now, O Father, take me back as thine, Nor let me perish here.

Thanks for a sweet and blessed peace at last,
For grace bestow'd, for love now manifest;
That I may trembling look on dangers past,
While safe in Thee I rest.

D. F. R.

#### MARCH 6.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."— Heb. vii. 25.

At length, observing the prisoner, ———, one day conducting the devotions of his fellow-prisoners, his mind was forcibly struck; and he could not help secretly exclaiming, "What! he pray! Can he pray? Has he come to Jesus? and is he accepted? Then, why not I?" and he burst into tears.

The Convict Ship.

#### MARCH 7.

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."—Rom. xiv. 4.

Be thou content to find the narrow way
Made plain for thee, to walk in day by day;
Serve thou thy God with heart, and soul, and might;
Darkness and doubt are wrong, belief is right;
To him that seeketh, God vouchsafeth light.
But think not that which seemeth right to thee,
Must needs be so for all men. Thou canst see
Footprints of light upon the world's highway,
Left there by Him who had not where to lay

His lowly head—the plainest, nearest thee.
Duty is plain unto sincerity.
There may be footprints which thou canst not see,
Made plain, by Heaven's light, to other men.
Jesus went many ways unto Jerusalem.

The Dove on the Cross.

#### MARCH 8.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

The morning cometh—that bright morning when the dewdrops collected during earth's night of weeping shall sparkle in its beams—when in one blessed moment a lifelong experience of trial will be effaced and forgotten, or remembered only by contrast, to enhance the fulness of the joys of immortality.

The Words of Jesus.

### MARCH 9.

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."—1 John iv. 8, 9.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?

Nor human wisdom, nor divine,
Helps thee by aught beside to learn,—
Love is life's only sign:
The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.

But he whose heart will bound to mark
The full bright burst of summer morn,
Loves too each little dewy spark,
By leaf or floweret worn;
Cheap forms, and common hues, 'tis true,
Through the bright showerdrop meet his view;
The colouring may be of this earth;
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined;
But chiefly Christian souls, for they,
Though worn and soil'd with sinful clay,
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with "the Spirit's" dew.

Then marvel not, if such as bask In purest light of innocence, Hope against hope, in love's dear task, Spite of all dark offence: If they who hate the trespass most, Yet, when all other love is lost, Love the poor sinner, marvel not: Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot.

KERLE.

# MARCH 10.

"Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—Eph. iii. 20.

When Abraham drew near and asked, "Wilt Thou slay the righteous with the wicked? That be far from Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" the Lord condescended to assure him, not only that He would spare the fifty righteous, were they found in Sodom, but "all the place for their sakes." And never let it be forgotten, that "Abraham left off asking, before God left off granting."

### MARCH 11.

"For we know not what we should pray for as we ought."—Rom. viii. 26.

I therefore would not breathe for thee
A prayer scarce understood;
But rather that thy lot may be
What God sees best of good;
Good for thee while a pilgrim here,
Good for thee in a happier sphere.
Bernard Barton.

### MARCH 12.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—Rom. xii. 11.

Patience itself becomes a sin, when yoked With sloth. Be patient when thy soul is tax'd To its stout utmost: do thy labour bravely, And in thy toil be patient. Only thus Is the still virtue noble.

#### MARCH 13.

"Neither did their own arm save them: but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favour unto them."—Ps. xliv. 3.

Doth Thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart?

Yes! here before Thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To Thee that terrible unveiling make;
But still small whispers clear,
Are startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!
The glory of Thy face
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight;
Where shall the guilty flee?
Over what far-off sea?
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from that light?

Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made;
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea;
What, but the Cross, can yield
The hope, the stay, the shield?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee.

Be Thou, be Thou his aid!

Oh! let Thy love pervade

The haunted caves of self-accusing thought;

There let the living stone

Be cleft—the seed be sown—

The song of fountains from the silence brought!

So shall Thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine, our first image—Holiest, and Most High!
As a clear lake is fill'd
With hues of Heaven, instill'd,
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

MRS HEMANS.

### MARCH 14.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word."—John xvii, 20.

#### FOR EVENING HOURS.

Never forget that Jesus Christ had you in His e when He died on the cross.

### MARCH 15.

"Let me see Thy countenance."—Cant. ii. 14.

Father, my soul would be
Like a transparent haze,
Through which Thy Deity should pour
Its sanctifying rays.
Lord, fill me with Thy fulness; give me grace
To commune with Jehovah face to face.

Reveal Thyself, e'en now,
Within that inmost bound,
Where the Immortal Essence dwells
In solitude profound;
Where thought is lost, and strong emotions keep
Their ceaseless watch above the mystery deep.

Do with me what Thou wilt! Low at Thy feet I fall; bsorb me in Thyself, be Thou, Father, my all in all: Shew me the glorious beauty that is Thine, And the deep faith and love that should be mine. C. N.

#### MARCH 16.

"Let us be glad, and rejoice, and do honour to Him."—Rev. xix. 7.

I began to see what faith in Christ really meant. It was no longer the mere belief of assent, but the belief of trust. I desired that every creature should rejoice in the glorious tidings revealed to myself; and could have wished for a trumpet-tongue to echo salvation over the length and breadth of the earth.

Memoir of Rev. — Williams.

#### MARCH 17.

"Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?"—James iv. 4.

And wilt thou seek again, Thy howling waste, thy charnel-house and chain, And with the demons be,
Rather than clasp thine own Deliverer's knee?
Sure, 'tis no Heaven-bred awe
That bids thee from His healing touch withdraw;
The world and He are struggling in thine heart,
And, in thy reckless mood, thou bidst thy Lord depart.

He, merciful and mild,

As erst, beholding, loves His wayward child;

When souls of highest birth

Waste their impassion'd might on dreams of earth,

He opens nature's book,

And on His glorious gospel bids them look;

Till, by such chords as rule the choirs above,

Their lawless cries are turn'd to hymns of perfect love.

KEBLE.

### MARCH 18.

"Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."—Heb. iv. 11.

How the heart stops short of entering by faith into the contemplation of the wondrous and varied glories of Christ! Would that we sought to know

Him better, by the teaching of the Comforter, whose office it is to glorify Him, by taking of His, and shewing them to us.

M. S.

#### MARCH 19.

"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men; but we are made manifest unto God; and I trust also are made manifest in your consciences."—2 Cor. v. 11.

Who may the horror, but in dream, abide,
Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait,
Where saints have pass'd behind their glorious
Guide,

Then feel, not hear, the sad, drear words, "Too late?"

Woe in that hour to souls that seek the gate
Alone! But deeper anguish, darker gloom,
If to thy bosom clinging,—child or mate,
Pupil or friend,—the heaven-prepared room,
Tardy, through thee, should miss, and share thy
hopeless doom!

Keele.

#### MARCH 20.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all Thy marvellous works."—Ps. ix. 1.

It needs more than good and perfect gifts to awaken melody and praise; and unless the Spirit of God make a thankful heart, the providence of God cannot make a happy existence.

REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

#### MARCH 21.

"It shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

Hope on, brother! though there fall awhile
A cloud upon thy soul, out-closing heaven,—
An utter darkness, shading with its guile
Things beautiful and good to our earth given;

Doubt not—fear not! night doth pass away,
"Tis but a transient shadow lingering o'er thee;

Thus teaching thee to dearer love the day, Whose brighter, better hours are yet before thee.

### MARCH 22.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

None are too humble or too weak to witness for Christ's holy Name. In the crush and struggle of the world, you are on trial at every turn, and your truth, loyalty, and faith, are always being proved. A thousand tests touch you on every side; even in the still, measured rounds of domestic life,—in the home duties of parents, children, and brethren. If your motive is His name, and your law is His example, if your life be pure and gentle, it bears, all day long, a clear-toned witness for your Lord.

# MARCH 23.

"Why is my pain perpetual? . . . Therefore, thus saith the Lord, If thou return, then will I

bring thee again, and thou shalt stand before Me."
—Jer. xv. 18, 19.

Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which Thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest; but such things as please me for a while in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo! I come to Thee,—the Eternal Being, the spring of life, the centre of rest, the stay of creation, the fulness of all things,—"the Saviour!" I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I am to dwell for ever, expecting, when my little time is over, to be taken up into Thine own Eternity.—From an Account of A. H. Hallam in the "North British Review," Feb. 1851.

# MARCH 24.

"I know thy poverty, but thou art rich."—
Ren. ii. 9.

Poverty! Could we see heaven fairly writ, we should wonder at our wealth.

#### MARCH 25.

"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!"—Luke xix. 42.

View thy forerunners,—creatures given to be Thy youth's companions,

Take their leave and die; birds, beasts, each tree,
All that have growth, or breath,
Have one large language—DEATH.

O then play not! but strive to Him, who can Make these sad shades pure sun,

Turning their mists to beams, their dark to day.

Hark how He doth invite thee! with what voice Of love, and sorrow,

He begs and calls: "O that in these thy days,
Thou knewst but thy own good!"
Shall not the cries of blood,

Of God's own blood, awake thee? He bids beware Of folly, surfeits, care,

But thou sleepst on! Where 's now thy protestation,
Thy lines, thy love? Away!
Redeem the day.—

The day that gives no observation, Perhaps to-morrow.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

### MARCH 26.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv. 13.

I can say truly I have a great need of Christ. Thank God! I can say boldly I have a great Christ for my need.—Adams' Private Thoughts.

#### MARCH 27.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

To trust, submit, adoringly revere
Our holy God,—man's highest duty this;
Christ-like to sympathise with sorrow's tear,
And joy's rejoicing,—this, man's highest bliss.

With wounded hearts and hands, weak children now,

We think of home, and lovingly renew
The tie that bound us, and the broken vow,
And own with shame how oft we've proved untrue.

Is there forgiveness in our Father's home?

Are penitential tears regarded there?

Will Jesus ever say, "Thy lost ones come
To seek Thy pardon, and Thy home to share?"

Father, I know that Thy forgiving love,

Hails with delight a contrite sinner's tear;

And Thou wilt welcome to Thy home above,

A child to whom the Saviour's name is dear.

The Dove on the Cross.

### MARCH 28.

"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."—1 Sam. iii. 18.

Thou didst it—Thou, whose heart of love
Was wounded first for me;
Who pass'd through mortal life, and bore
Death's deepest agony.
How can I murmur or complain,
When Jesus suffer'd grief\_and pain?

Thou didst it, who art gone on high, Where many mansions be, There to prepare a glorious home, And deathless friends for me. Shall I rebel against the love That fits me for my home above?

Ah, no! e'en through this load of fears,
'My heart is springing up;
To thank Thee for the boundless grace,
That overflows my cup.
But I am weak, and cannot always say,
"Thy will be done:" remember I am clay!

Put a new song within my lips,
And let my spirit sing;
I give Thee up my inmost heart,
Saviour, and Priest, and King!
Take to Thee there at least Thy power and reign;
"So that that inward love shall turn each grief
to gain."
C. N.

## MARCH 29.

"He will very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."—Isa. xxx. 19.

I would blot out in tears of ruth,
If tears could blot, the sins of youth;
Oh! rich in mercy and in truth,
Help! save me ere I die!

7

By memory of man's failing frame, Which from Thy hand unsullied came, Though now a wreck of sin and shame, Help! save me ere I die!

By Thine own great and glorious Name, By meroy's unrejected claim, By heaven's pure joy, by hell's dread flame, Help! save me ere I die!

By Jesus' wounded hand and side, By His last prayer before He died, By death despoil'd, and heaven set wide, Help! save me ere I die!

Before Thy fear my flesh doth quail, So holy Thou, and I so frail! But oh! in wrath let grace prevail,— Help! save me ere I die! W. HIND.

#### MARCH 30.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
The darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

Then let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given!
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

H. B. STOWE.

### MARCH 31.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the aves thereof are still. Then are they glock

because they be quiet; so He bringeth them into their desired haven,"—Ps. cvii. 29, 30.

They know th' Almighty's power,
Who, waken'd by the rushing midnight shower,
Watch for the fitful breeze,
To howl and chafe amid the bending trees;
Watch for the still white gleam,
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,
Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light,
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight.

They know th' Almighty's love,
Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove,
Stand in the shade, and hear
The tumult with a deep exulting fear,—
How, in their fiercest sway,
Curb'd by some power unseen, they die away,
Like a bold steed that owns its rider's arm,
Proud to be check'd and soothed by that o'er-mastering charm.

But there are storms within,
That heave the struggling heart with wilder din;
And there is power and love,
The maniac's rushing frenzy to reprove;
And, when he takes his seat,
Clothed and in calmness, at his Saviour's feet,
Is not the power as strange, the love as blest,
As when He said, Be still, and ocean sank to rest?
Kerle.

### APRIL 1.

"Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—Gen. xv. 1.

God says, "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Now see if your own heart can give the counter-sign, "Thou art my portion, O Lord." If you have the one, the other is yours.

MISS WETHERALL.

### APRIL 2.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

Pilgrim, where goest thou?

Unto the shrine
And presence of my Lord,—a Prince Divine.
And joyfully upon mine arm I bear
A freewill offering to greet Him there.

Then sure 'tis precious if 'tis fit to bring Unto so mighty and so rich a King. Tarry a moment; let me look within Upon thy treasure,—why! 'tis marr'd by sin! Here is a bottle almost full of tears; Bundles of heartless prayers and faithless fears: Talents grown rusty with long laying by; A half-strung harp, whose music is a sigh: Thoughts, feelings, passions, all with evil rife, Neglected duties, and a wasted life! All that is here thy Lord will surely spurn. Except, perhaps, this little closed urn Of love; yet that defiled is, and small:-Is this thine all? All, stranger. Yet I do not fear But that my Lord will hear My feeble prayer, and will be pleased to take This worthless offering for His own dear sake. One priceless Victim on his altar lies,-One perfect and sufficient sacrifice; And for the sake of that one precious Name. A full acceptance now all suppliants claim. I fain would give my heart, but it hath been Stolen by the world away; and so my Prince, Who with His searching eyes the theft hath seen. Hath sent to me His gracious Spirit since, To say that He the wanderer will find, And new create it after His own mind: Then lay it on His altar, there to be Fill'd ever with the oil of His felicity. C. N.

#### APRIL 3.

"How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xxxvi. 7.

Therefore, alone in 'Thy eternal love
I seek for refuge: Thee in heaven above,
And Thee below! Blest they who day and night
Serve Thee, and have their dwelling in Thy light!
I. WILLIAMS.

## APRIL 4.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. iv. 7.

Early set forth to your eternal race:

Th'ascent is steep and craggy; you must climb;
God, at all times, has promised sinners grace,

If they repent; but He ne'er promised Time.

Cheat not yourselves, as most, who then prepare
For death when life is almost turn'd to fume;
One thief was saved, that no man might despair;
And but one thief, that no man might presume.

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Closed up by death before the day was done!
HENRY DELANNE.

# APRIL 5.

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, . . . preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; . . . watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—2 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 5.

—— had discovered a mighty truth by that time:—the truth: that preaching proprieties would not do; that ministers of Christ's holy evangel must preach Christ—nothing less; that the name of the Lord was the strong tower—it, and no other,—in which purity of soul and life could be kept unsullied and undimmed for ever.

Arranged from MERKLAND.

### APRIL 6.

"The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors, unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."—Gen. xlix. 26.

As mountain travellers in the night,
When heaven by fits is dark and bright,
Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear,
Nor trampling hoof, nor tinkling bell,
Then bolder scale the rugged fell,
Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen, yet ever near:

So when the tones of rapture gay,
On the lorn ear die quite away,
The lonely world seems lifted nearer heaven.
Seen daily, yet unmark'd before,
Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.
KEBLE.

## APRIL 7.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John iv. 16.

Ah! would that man could but for once forget himself; that he could but, for some moments, at least, find all his happiness in admiration, enthusiasm, and tenderness! Would that he could say to himself, not only "Jesus saved me, Jesus loved me," but "Jesus is salvation, Jesus is love!" Would that he could sometimes, in this love, which is salvation, forget that it is salvation, and in love see nothing but love.

VINET—Gospel Studies.

### APRIL 8.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—

Heb. xii, 11.

Oh, leave us in a world of sin, unrest, And troubles, to be sad!

I spake, and thought to weep, A settled grief to keep,

When, lo! as day from night—
As day from out the breast of night forlorn—
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded; at the coming of that joy,
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly-risen bliss,—

But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And ofttimes scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe.

And both are sweet and calm,
And flowers upon the banks of either blow;
Both fertilise the soil, and, where they flow,
Shed round them holy balm.

R. C. TRENCH.

### APRIL 9.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.

There lies thy Cross, beneath it meekly bow,—
It fits thy stature now;
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
'Twill crush them by and bye.

Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure;
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought—
The world for thee was bought;
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky—
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

KEBLE.

### APRIL 10.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast, Some vague impression of the day foregone,— Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee, And lay it down. Or if it be the heaviness that comes, In token of anticipated ill, My bosom takes no heed of what it is, Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care, Or anything beside, how joyfully Passes that silent, solitary hour, My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night— More peaceful than the silence of that hour— More blest than anything, my bosom lies Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,—
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

M.S. found in a chest, in a poor woman's cottage.

### APRIL 11.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

O Lord! Thou seest, from yon starry height, Centred in one the future and the past-Fashion'd in Thine own image, see how fast The world obscures in me what once was bright! Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given. To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays; Yet, in the hoary winter of my days, For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven. Celestial King! O let Thy presence pass Before my spirit, and an image fair Shall meet that look of mercy from on high, As the reflected image in a glass, Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there, And owes its being to the gazer's eye. Translated by LONGFELLOW, from FRANCESCO

DE ALDANA.

# APRIL 12.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return. and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."-Isa. xxxv. 10.

Tears, silent trials, neglects of man, injustices! ye are forgotten at the sounds of the "In Excelsis" of the angels. Elect! you have regained your smiles on entering eternity. A last tear has bathed your evelids: but it has fallen on the earth, and you will shed no more in heaven!-From the French of MADAME D'ABRANTES.

## APRIL 13.

"I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John xi. 25.

I am to die! . . . . . Why, thou and I, And all of us, die every night; and duly Morn to our spirit's resurrection comes, With rosy light, fresh flowers, and birds' sweet anthems:

But when our grave's our bed, that instant comes A morning, not of this world's treacherous light, But fresh with palms, and musical with angels.

ANNE BOLEYN.

### A PRIT. 14.

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me." -John xvii. 24.

And murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame had power?
In yon bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The beautiful are round thee, thou dost keep
Within the Eternal Presence, and no more
Mayst death, or pain, or separation dread.
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore,
For thou art of the living, not the dead.

Thou dweller with the unseen! who hast explored
The immense unknown; thou, to whom death and
heaven

Are mysteries no more, whose soul is stored
With knowledge, for which man hath vainly
striven!—

Oh, when shall I lie down
With thee, beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst?

Life's journey speedeth on!

Yet for a little while we walk in shade;

Anon, by death, the cloud is all dispersed,

And o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth

burst.

MARY HOWETT.

#### APRIL 15.

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and

I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it."—Exod. ii. 9.

Then why should I so grieve?
And why should I not rather feel and say,
'Twas the best nursing that I ever did,
To nurse him and to bring him up for God,
Who call'd him to the knowledge of Himself,
Then took him out of this poor sinful world?
R. C. TRENCH.

### APRIL 16.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—
Numbers vi. 24-26.

And now, O Lord, bless them, and cause the light of Thy countenance to shine upon them, and keep them undefiled in the way, that they turn not aside, but go forward in that path, that shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and let the dew of Thy blessing, and the anointing grace of Thy Spirit, rest upon them more and more, for the sake of Thy Blessed Son.

Jesus Christ, our Lord; and so cause them to abide in Him, and in holy and loving communion one with another, that when He shall appear, they shall be like Him, and see Him as He is, and dwell with Him in Thy most glorious presence for ever.

Earnestness, by Rev. C. TAYLOR.

### APRIL 17.

"In all thine affliction He was afflicted."—
Isa lxiii. 9.

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep For human ministry; It knows not how to tell itself To any but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still,
Amid the glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

Yes, for, as if Thou wouldst be God, Even in Thy misery, There's been no sorrow but Thine own, Unsoothed by sympathy. Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to Thee;
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The fearful mystery.

It is enough, my gracious Lord, Thy tender sympathy! My every sin and sorrow can Devolve itself on Thee.

# APRIL 18.

"The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in His works."—Ps. civ. 31.

Blessed God of heaven!

I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious links
Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn!

I thank Thee that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me! Are not they
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear starry light of "Angel-eyes,"
A thousandfold more glorious? Richer far
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts?

Oh! there are hearts

So perilously fashion'd, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken, and not break their thrilling strings!

Mrs Hemans.

## APRIL 19.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. xl. 17.

Not always on the journey, O my God!

Not always on the journey, when the home,
The place Thou hast prepared for my abode,
Stands open to receive me when I come.
Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child?
It is a weary way, and I am faint;
I pant for purer air, and fresher springs;
O Father! take me home—there is a taint,
A shadow, on earth's purest, brightest things;
This world is but a wilderness to me—
There is no rest, my God! no peace, apart from
Thee.

I see Him shining on His throne of light,
The Lamb that hath been slain, and slain for me:
The King of Glory! of all power and might!
The Lord and God, by whose most high decree

The vile, the guilty, trusting in His name— A dying wretch like me, eternal life may claim.

This is my confidence, that I am His—
That I believe, repent, and am forgiven;
That I adore, and love, and meekly kiss
His garment's hem, and thus I look to Heaven.
Lord, Thou wilt not deceive me! Faithful Friend!
Thou soon wilt take me home! When shall my journey end?

REV. CHARLES TAYLOR.

I shall no more read the Word of God; I shall hear it from the mouth of my Heavenly Father Himself.

BUNGENER.

#### APRIL 20.

"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John xi. 25.

There is no death "for Christ's redeemed!" Oh, vain And idle fiction of the madden'd brain!

The buried rise—the "sleeping" live again.

Why weep ye with dim eyes above the lost— They who the wider, calmer seas have past? Ye, on life's shore alone are tempest-tost.

Yield them to Him who steer'd them on their way; In faith your heart upon their grave-sod lay, Till He shall change your night to their immortal day.

## APRIL 21.

"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."—Ps. ciii. 11, 12.

Thou God! before whose sleepless eye, not even in vain the sparrows fall,

Receive, sustain me! Sanctify my soul. Thou know'st, Thou lovest all.

Too weak to walk alone, I see Thy hand—I falter back to Thee.

My life hath been one search for Thee, 'mid thorns found red with Thy dear blood;

In many a dark Gethsemane I seem'd to stand where Thou hast stood;

And, scorn'd in this world's judgment-place, at times, through tears, to catch Thy face.

Thou sufferedst here, and didst not fail; Thy bleeding feet these paths have trod;

But Thou wert strong, and I am frail: and I am man, and Thou wert God.

Be near me,—keep me in Thy sight; or lay my soul asleep in light.

OWEN MEREDITH.

# APRIL 22.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

And if at seasons this world's undelight
Oppress'd him, or the hollow at its heart,
One glance at those enduring mansions bright
Made gloomier thoughts depart.

Till many times the sweetness of the thought Of an eternal country, where it lies Removed from care and mortal anguish, brought Sweet tears into his eyes.

Thus, not unsolaced, he longwhile abode;
Filling all dreary, melancholy time,
And empty spaces of the heart, with God,
And with this hope sublime.

TRENCH.

# APRIL 23,

"O Lord, . . . in all these things is the life of my spirit."—Isa. xxxviii. 16.

How beautiful is all this fair free world, Under God's open sky!

Oh! God hath purified my spirit's eye;
And in the folds of this consummate rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word "Farewell"
On the rich petals traced. No—in soft veins
And characters of beauty, I can read,
"Look up—look heavenward!"

MRS HEMANS.

#### APRIL 24.

"I will lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—

Ps. iv. 8.

Father of heaven and earth!
I bless Thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now, far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest;
The bee's long-murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o'erwearied one,—
O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
Bless Thee, O God! O Father of the oppress'd!
With my last waking thought,
In the still night.

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and heaven!
I bless Thee, who hast given
Unto life's fainting travellers the night,
The soft, still, holy night.

MRS HEMANS.

### APRIL 25.

"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—

Isa. ii. 22.

I had built myself

A Babel tower, whose top should reach to heaven,—
"Tis crumbled into dust!

Oh! I have leant upon an arm of flesh,

And here's its strength! I'll walk by faith—by faith.—

And rest my weary heart on Christ alone,— On Him, the All-sufficient!

Saint's Tragedy.

### APRIL 26.

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."—Luke ix. 58.

Birds have their quiet nest,

Foxes have holes, and man his peaceful bed;

All creatures have their rest,—

But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath his lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?—
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him, who had not where to lay His head!

Oh, why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes! but for pardoning grace, I feel I never should in glory see, The brightness of that Face, That once was agonised for me! Let the birds seek their nest,

Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;

Come, Saviour, on my breast

Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head!

J. S. MONSELL

### APRIL 27.

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the right-eousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 21.

Recollect that whatever befalls you, has no wrath in it; nothing that touches a believer has one particle of wrath in it; the bitterest cup that he has to drink is emptied of the curse, and filled with the wine of an everlasting and glorious benediction.

REV. JOHN CUMMING.

### APRIL 28.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—Ps. civ. 33.

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre,
No more on listless ears expire;
Nor vainly smiles along the shady way,
The primrose in her vernal nest,
Nor unlamented sink to rest,
Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves decay.

There's not a star the heaven can show,
There's not a cottage hearth below,
But feeds with solace kind the willing soul—
Men love us, or they need our love;
Freely they own, or heedless prove
The curse of lawless hearts,—the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him further in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least,
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguiled.
KEBLE.

#### APRIL 29.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom: that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. i. 27, 28.

Almighty Father! Thou eternal spring Of love, vouchsafe to hear Thy servant's prayer, I send it unto heaven. Let me not miss One of these spirits, when before Thy throne I stand, whom Thou hast given unto my care,-Whom like a father I have cherish'd. Grant They may bear witness, then, that faithfully As I received it, I have taught Thy Word, And shew'd the way of life; let me bring them up Before Thy presence, pure as now they are, But proved more deeply, and rejoicing say:-Father, behold Thy servant, I am here; And here the children are Thou gavest me.

Tranko

# APRIL 30.

"For the redemption of their soul is precious." -Ps. xlix. 8.

> My Lord and God! I pray. Turn from his heart away This world's turmoil: And call him to Thy light, Be it through sorrow's night, Through pain, or toil.

### MAY 1.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."—St Matt. vi. 28, 29.

By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee, back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness. Thou bidst
The lilies of the field, with placid smile,
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for, in this universe of Thine.

MRS HEMANS.

### MAY 2.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the voke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1.

The spirit must be free that would be great;
And where God's Spirit is, is liberty.
Disdaining anxious care, and rooting up
The weeds of prejudice, the breast laid bare
To the free winds of heaven, is all required
For healthy mental life. As light will flow
Into the house when windows are relieved
From darkening shutters, so the Lord would fain
In man's heart dwell, that in His light he light
Might see. How few have faith to tear aside
The fleshly veil, and let the world of spirits,
With all its glorious wonders, be revealed!

George Marchland.

# MAY 3.

"So is every one that is born of the Spirit."—

John iii. 8.

Although it be often unknown, yet is there an hour in every renewed man's history, when the sun began to rise, the seed to quicken; when the night melted into day, and life triumphed over death.

J.S.

#### MAY 4.

"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."—Isa. lxi. 11.

We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound; Resign'd or sullen, He will hear our sighs.

He in the mazes of the budding wood
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance
Dwell coldly, where the fresh green earth is strew'd
With the fresh flowers that lead the vernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd, they smile unseen— Unseen by man;—but what if purer sprights By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean, To adore the Father of all gentle lights?

If such there be, O! grief and shame to think
That sight of Thee should overcloud their joy;
A new-born soul just waiting on the brink
Of endless life, yet wrapt in earth's annoy!

O turn, and be thou turn'd! the selfish tear, In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun, Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear, The turbid waters brightening as they run.

Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart In penitential drops have ebbed away: Then fearless turn where Heaven hath set thy part. Nor shudder at the eye that saw thee stray.

O, lost and found! all gentle souls below, Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove Such joy o'er thee as raptured seraphs know, Who learn their lesson at the shrine of love. KEBLE.

### MAY 5.

"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee: . . . . . For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Tim. i. 6, 7.

And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth

No pure reflections caught from heavenly love? Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song? Let him that in the summer day of youth.

Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling, And him that in the nightfall of his years Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring, Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

LONGFELLOW.

### MAY 6.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii, 3.

Good men, and angels, and the Most High Himself, rejoice at beholding the man whose "feet are beautiful upon the mountains, for preaching the gospel of peace;" and even "the intolerant world might have its evil-speaking hushed into silence before the devout might, which labours for the hire, not of silver and gold, but of saved souls, and the sunny godliness, which is loftiest gain."

#### MAY 7.

"The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year, even unto the end of the year."—Deut. xi. 12.

Yes, lightly, softly move!
There is a power, a presence in the woods;
A viewless being that with life and love,
Informs the reverential solitudes;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
Shall the green voiceful wild seem less Thy fane,
Where Thou alone has built!—where arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof?

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All, all with Thee are fill'd.

MRS HEMANS.

#### MAY 8.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 John iii. 1.

And is such grace Vouchsafed to me, unworthy? Searching eye Of Providence! Thou seest my inmost heart, And earnest thankfulness!

SCHILLER.

## MAY 9.

"And the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it."—

Deut. xxx. 16.

Pray for the places where you sojourn; and, as seeds for the eternal harvest, drop some good word, or book, as you pass along. And when bursts of beauty, or surprises of grandeur come in upon your soul, let the thought also come in, of your "Father who made them all;" and thus, associated with the profitable thoughts you had, or the Christian intercourse you enjoyed, or the efforts of usefulness you put forth—places, which to the vacant mind recall no memo-

ries, will to you be fraught with pleasant recollections; and, beatified and sanctified, the resorts and recreations of earth will be worthy of a mental pilgrimage, even from the bowers of Paradise restored. The Royal Preacher.

#### MAY 10.

"I will also praise Thee with the psaltery, even Thy truth, O my God: unto Thee will I sing with the harp, O Thou Holy One of Israel. My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee; and my soul, which Thou hast redeemed."

—Ps. lxxi. 22, 23.

And now there seems one only worthy aim

For poet; (that my strength were as my will!)

And which renounce he cannot without blame:

To make men feel the presence, by his skill,

Of an eternal loveliness, until

All souls are faint with longing for their home, Yet the same while are strengthened to fulfil Their work on earth, that they may surely come Unto the land of Life, who here as exiles roam.

R. C. TRENCH.

#### MAY 11.

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country... But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—

Heb. xi. 14-16.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to lean upon,
My scrip of joy (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage!
And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer, While my soul like peaceful palmer, Travelleth toward the land of heaven,— Other balm will not be given, Over the silver mountains, Where spring the nectar fountains,

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

# MAY 12.

## F. D.

"I was sick and ye visited me."—Matt. xxv. 36.

"For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.... If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—

John xiii. 15-17.

Thither by night and by day, came the angel of mercy;

With light in her looks she entered the chamber of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lips, and the aching brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and covering their faces.

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as --- entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain, to gaze while she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the wall of a prison.

The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought indeed to behold there Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour.

So was her love diffused; but, like some odorous spices,

Suffered no waste, no loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Arranged from EVANGELINE.

## MAY 13.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—1 Pet. iii. 8.

Ah, gentle words! kind utterance of pity!

There are who, being poor, unto the poorer

Are rich, having this wealth. Also there are

Who, being rich and bountiful, do lack

Both thanks and love, because their naked almsdeeds

Have no fair human robes of kindness on them.

O. P.

## MAY 14.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him."—Ps. lxii. 5.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,

Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,

What more than magic in you lies

To fill the heart's fond view?

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours,
Of happy wanderers there.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,— Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow; And guilty man, where'er he roams, Your innocent mirth may borrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes.

For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys—
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind, That daily court you, and caress, How few the happy secret find Of your calm loveliness:

"Live for to-day—to-morrow's light,
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

KEBLE.

#### MAY 15.

"For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."—Isa. lv. 12.

Oh! purify mine eyes

More, and yet more, by love and lowly thought,
Thy presence, holiest One! to recognise,
In these majestic aisles, which Thou hast wrought!
And, midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart,
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own;

Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers, Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds o ninous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie.
Father! oh keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

Mrs Hemans.

## MAY 16.

"Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city."—Isa. lii. 1.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isa. xxxv. 1.

Eden and the New Jerusalem,
The garden and the city of our God,
The things which have been and shall be again,
Fill up the prospect upon either side,
Before us and behind. Nor have we left
Our love for Nature, now to love her less,
Since we have learn'd that all we so admire
Is yet but as her soil'd and week-day dress,
And nothing to the glory she shall wear,

When, for the coming Sabbath of the world, She shall put on her festival attire.

R. C. TRENCH.

#### MAY 17.

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."—Ps. xlvi. 4.

Your departed friends, your children who have preceded you, and are now within the veil, drink of the same living stream that you drink of here,—only a little higher up, and nearer the fount,—amid greater light and no shadow.—Apocalyptic Sketches.

## MAY 18.

"My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips; when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches."—Ps. lxiii. 5, 6.

The starlight dews are weeping Silently o'er bush and brake; The world around is sleeping, But my heart is all awake,— And listening, hears, or seems to hear, From leaf to leaf, the dewdrop's falling tear.

This sweet, in peace reclined,
Thus unthought of and unknown,
To feel with all mankind
So united, yet alone!
And in one thankful prayer embrace,
The scatter'd myriads of the human race.

Ev'n with foes, 'neath starry heaven,
Who can anger keep?
All past trespasses forgiven,
My peace with them is deep;
No shade remains of lingering wrath,
When sleep hath bound them in her gentle swathe.

But now the love of kin,
Of dear friends far away,
Glows bright, and burns within
More purely than by day;—
Blended before with grovelling cares,
Now with calm thoughts serene and wafted prayers.

Earth was our bond of union
Through the weary day;
At midnight—'tis communion
With God our common stay.
They sleep in Thee, while I awake
With tranquil joy to thank Thee for their sake.

Of Thy gifts partaker,
After many years,
I thank Thee, O my Maker!
For joys gone by, and tears;
Of those what lingering perfumes tell,
Yet sweet blooms too, the flower, where the tear fell!

Let me not in sorrow,
On a peaceful bed,
With troubles of to-morrow,
Weary my heart or head;
But, thankful for the respite given,
Deem all the future hid with Christ in heaven.

HIND.

## MAY 19.

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."—Gen. xxiv. 63.

Ye poetry of woods! romance of fields!
Nature's imagination bodied bright!
Earth's floral page, that high instruction yields!—
For not, oh, not alone to charm our sight,
God gave your blooming forms, your leaves of light!
Ye speak a language which we yet may learn—
A divination of mysterious might!
And glorious thoughts may angels' eyes discern

Flower-writ in mead and vale, where'er man's footsteps turn. Charles Swain.

## MAY 20.

"They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine."—Hosea xiv. 7.

I love to think that the Lord in His humanity looked tenderly upon the mortal soil on which He sojourned in His wondrous life; and that here, perchance, on this very earth, made holy by His grace and power, we may live again. It may be but a fancy; but it comes upon me with a gentle might, like the whispered comfort of an angel.

## MAY 21.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."—
Rom. v. 5.

There is a Spirit o'er creation spread, Though darkness draws its curtain round our head, And sorrow's streams flow at our mortal feet. There is a Spirit, sanctified and sweet,
That breathes of other scenes, and holier things,
Broods o'er the earth with healing on its wings,
And is a gracious messenger from Heaven.
There is a Spirit to our spirits given,
Which holds communion with our better part,
Which sheds a hallow'd influence on our heart,
Gives pinions to our thoughts and to our prayers,
And harmonises all our doubts and cares
To meek submission,—an intelligence
That gladdens with its hidden influence
All space, all time,—and trains our earthly eye
To bear the blaze of immortality.

## MAY 22.

"There is no fear in love."—1 John iv. 18.

From God's religion all uncertainties are swept away. He deals with man by calling up every feeling of love, and gratitude, and honour, and devotedness. He comes at once with certainties in His hand,—the certainties of pardon, and life, and an endless kingdom. He presents to man a gospel which at once, when believed, puts him in possession of these certainties. This is the great motive-power in the religion of God. It takes for granted that love

is stronger, and more effective, than fear; and it assumes that there can be no genuine religion where fear is not cast out by perfect love.—Man.

## MAY 23.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come, He was there alone."—Matt. xiv. 23.

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nests
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have
press'd

Into my being since it breathed that air;
Nor could I now one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them, in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day.
So might the o'erburden'd Son of man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

MRS HEMANS.

## May 24. W. IR. D. 65.

"It is He that giveth salvation unto kings."

—Ps. exliv. 10.

Then raised the Prince his head with courage new, And what the Sage advised, prepared to do; He ruled his realm with meekness, and meanwhile He marvellously deck'd the chosen isle: \* Bade there his servants build up royal towers, And change its barren sands to leafy bowers; Bade fountains there be hewn, and caused to bloom Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume; And when he long enough had kept his throne, To him sweet odours from that isle were blown. Then knew he that its gardens blooming were, And all the yearnings of his soul were there. Grief was it not to him, but joy, when they His crown and sceptre bade him guit one day: When him his servants rudely did dismiss, 'Twas not the sentence of his ended bliss; But pomp and power he cheerfully forsook, And to his isle a willing journey took; And found diviner pleasure on that shore, Than all his proudest state had known before. TRENCH.

\* To which he was in time to be banished.

#### MAY 25.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."—Rev. vii. 14, 15.

Do these rejoice in Thee, their Saviour God, And stand before Thy throne in robes of white? Why should not I pursue the path they trod, And find a mansion in the realms of light?

What have they done, I cannot also do?
What have they been, I may not also be?
Are they among Thy blest, Thy chosen few,
And hast Thou not a place, O Lord, for me?

When first they felt the love of sin defile,
And stood condemn'd before Thy purity,
Did they not plead with Thee that they were vile,
But that Thou diedst for such? Oh, so do I.

Did they not look to Thee alone for strength, And find Thy grace sufficient to subdue The power of sin? And shall not I at length Stand by the guidance of Thy spirit too? 'Tis but to ask, believing, and receive;
'Tis but to seek, and find Thee ever near;
'Tis but to kneel and wait till Thou relieve;
Thy word is pledged, then wherefore should I fear?

For whosoever cometh unto Thee,
Thou wilt "in no wise," Thou hast said, "cast
out."

Then is the promise also made for me;

I dare not disbelieve, for wherefore should I doubt?

## MAY 26.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

The beautiful appeal to the fowls of the air, and the flowers of the field—the utter vanity of our cares about this world—the call upon us to place all our confidence in the God who opens His hand liberally, and knows all our necessities—the sufficiency of this day's sufferings for this day's patience, and the folly, therefore, of overloading the spirit with the possibilities of to-morrow—these form the grand premises on which the all-important precept rests, of "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and Kine

righteousness;" after which, with a superabounding goodness that is altogether Godlike, it is promised, that all things needful, without solicitude on our part, should be added unto us.—Dr Chalmers.

## MAY 27.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. xliv. 3.

Should the cistern break and the creature fail, the infinite joy is Jehovah; and the soul cannot wither whose roots are replenished from that fountain unfailing.

Royal Preacher.

## MAY 28.

"So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."—Rom. xii. 5.

Unheard by all but angel ears, The good Cornelius knelt alone; Nor dream'd his prayers and tears Would help a world undone. The while upon his terraced roof,
The loved apostle to his Lord,
In silent thought aloof,
For heavenly vision soar'd.

The saint beside the ocean pray'd, The soldier in his chosen bower, Where all his eye survey'd Seem'd sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer, Yet brethren true in dearest love Were they—and now they share Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ's open gate
They see the Gentile spirits press,
Brightening their high estate
With dearer happiness.

KEBLE.

## MAY 29.

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts."
-Col. iii. 15.

Let us once feel his love to be ours, and a life of oly obedience is sure to follow. All experience is r it, even though all argument should be against it.

#### MAY 30.

"And, lo, Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear Thy words, but they do them not."—*Ezek*. xxxiii. 32.

Woe worth these barren hearts of ours,
Where Thou hast set celestial flowers,
And water'd with more balmy showers
Than e'er distill'd
In Eden, on th' ambrosial bowers—
Yet nought we yield.

Wisely Thou givest; all around
Thine equal rays are resting found;
Yet varying so on various ground
They pierce and strike,
That not two roseate cups are crown'd
With dew alike.

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord!
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is "Freely give."
He only who forgets to board

He only, who forgets to hoard, Has learn'd to live.

KEBLE.

#### MAY 31.

"And Thou shalt know that Thy tabernacle hall be in peace."—Job v. 24.

Oh, fold again thy weary wings,
Return thou from thy wanderings,
And rest a while;
Is there not stillness here, and peace?
Cease from thy restlessness, oh, cease
A little while.

Softly, as on the sleeping flowers
The night-dews fall, so shall these hours
Of holy rest
Fall on thy spirit, and restore
The weary life that evermore
Longeth for rest.

The Dove on the Cross.

### JUNE 1.

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."—John xvii. 15.

Blessings, O Father, shower,
Father of mercies, round his precious head!
O'er his lone walks, and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure, for that dearly-loved,—
Fame, fortune, power! Oh, be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence at Thy will;
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still.

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, Thy sustaining love,
His bosom-guest unalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene,
Upon his heart and mien,
May sit undimm'd, a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown;—

Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams, Remember'd faintly gleams— Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown.

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy Spirit free;
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place
To his last hour, be still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust; and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning and unling'ring heart,
Mature to meet in Heaven

His Saviour's face!

MRS HEMANS.

## June 2.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."—John xiii. 1.

We have not a full idea of the love that lives in the heart of God for us! Christ's residence in His Father's kingdom has not made Him have less compassion for us than He had when He was on earth. I do not think, if He were now in the body amidst us, and any burthened and oppressed sinner were to go to Him, and ask Him for pardon, that he would say to that sinner, "No! go and be lost." I do not think He would! I think He would say, as He did

to those who came to Him of old, "Go, and sin 1 more—thy sins are forgiven thee."—From a Sermo by a German.

June 3.

"He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life."—John iii. 36.

I could scarcely believe it to be true at the time; but it seemed as if a voice spoke to me, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I was astonished! I sprung up in my bed; I said to myself, "Hath everlasting life!" What! me, Lord! so unholy, so unworthy? Hath it? hath it? Can it be so? . . . Blessed be God, I found the promise true. I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and found Him my Lord, my joy, my trust, my "everlasting life." The Convict Ship.

June 4.

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."—Micah vii. 8.

Oh, merciful one!

nen men are furthest, then Thou art most near;
nen friends pass by—my weakness shun—

Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face ceaming towards me, and its holy light nes in upon my lonely dwelling-place, And there is no more night.

On my bended knee scognise Thy purpose, clearly shewn: vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
s darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
eath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand mbling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been, app'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land, Which eye hath never seen.

MILTON.

#### JUNE 5.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love."—Gal. v. 22.

There is a ruling passion in every mind. When they were probing among his shattered ribs for the fatal bullet, the French veteran exclaimed, "A little deeper, and you will find the Emperor." The deepest affection in a believing soul is the love of its Saviour. Deeper than the love of home, deeper than the love of kindred, deeper than the love of rest or recreation, deeper than the love of life, is the love of Jesus.

Hamilton.

## June 6.

"But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith. . . . . Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life."—Jude 20, 21.

Much have we to support us in our strife With things which else would crush us; nor alone Secret refreshings of the inward life,

But many a flower of sweetest scent is thrown Upon our outward and our open way; None sweeter than are at some seasons known To those who dwell for many a tranquil day "In one same place," and have, as they would hope, One purpose for their lives, one aim, one scope,— To labour upward on the path to Heaven. Full of refreshment these occasions are. Like seasonable resting-places given To pilgrim feet; for though, alas! too rare, Yet the sweet memories they supply, will give The food on which affection's heart may live In after times; since it were sad indeed, If all more intimate knowledge did not breed More trust in one another, and more love; More faith, that each is certain to attain, "Through humble trust in Christ,"—O, not in vain!— The happy rest of God.

Altered from R. C. TRENCH.

#### JUNE 7.

"And this is the record, that God hath given us eternal life; and this life is in His Son..... He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life."—1 John v. 11, 12.

For your life—your higher life—an atonement has been made. Do you forget Him that died at Jerusalem? Throw but your sin upon Him, and I will have hope for you—ay! such hope as will cover all the bygone darkness with a mist of radiance; only let me know that you are safe in His shadow—strong in His faith—and I am content.

MERKLAND.

#### JUNE 8.

"Thou hast a few names, . . . which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy."—Rev. iii. 4.

There are in this loud striving tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide,
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

Christian Year.

#### June 9.

"Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."—
Ps. xxxi. 24.

Equal and steady be our tread,—be our cross our banner. For staff, we have His promise, whose "word is tried, whose way is perfect;" for present hope, His Providence, who gives "the shield of salvation, whose gentleness makes great;" for final home, His bosom, who "dwells in the height of Heaven;" for crowning prize, His glory, exceeding and eternal. Let us so run that we may obtain; let us endure hardness, as good soldiers; let us finish our course, and keep the faith, reliant in the issue to "come off more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us." "Art thou not from everlasting mine Holy One? We shall not surely die!"

### JUNE 10.

"For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—Rev. v. 9.

Thou mayest see life in death, Heaven in the deepest hell, glory in shame, where thou seest all thy sins done away in the blood of Jesus.

SHEPHERD'S Sound Believer.

## JUNE 11.

"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. iii. 24.

If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

KEBLE.

#### June 12.

"Then said he (the angel) unto me, fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words."—Dan. x. 12.

It is impossible for language to describe the change in my feelings; it was a passing from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Now every opportunity that could be snatched, was devoted to happy communion with Christ. In these endearing and hallowed pursuits, the open fields were my home; and beneath the shelter of a hedge or a shed, I have often enjoyed more of the luxury of prayer, than in the most comfortable abode of man. Everything made me happy. If I cast my eyes abroad upon the earth, all seemed to bear evidence of His love; and I saw that the earth was full of the goodness of the Lord.

## June 13.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Eph. iv. 32.

TEGNER (Bethune's Trans.)

## June 14.

"Nevertheless I am continually with Thee; Thou hast holden me by my right hand."—Ps. lxxiii. 23.

The sea is like a mirror far and near,
And ours a prosperous voyage, safe from harms;
Yet may the thought that everlasting arms
Are round us and about us, be as dear,
Now when no sight of danger doth appear,
As though our vessel did its blind way urge,
'Mid the long weltering of the dreariest surge

Through which a perishing bark did ever steer.

Lord of the calm and tempest! be it ours,

Poor mariners! to pay due vows to Thee,

Though not a cloud on all the horizon lowers

Of all our life; for even this way shall we

Have greater boldness toward Thee, when indeed

The storm is up, and there is earnest need.

R. C. TRENCH.

#### June 15.

"And he that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

It is impossible to lead another to the Cross, and not find ourselves overshadowed by its glory. It is impossible to break the alabaster box, and not fill one's one house with the odour of its ointment. Who can tell the secret strength and comfort which Jesus Himself experienced, even in view of His approaching passion, while "going about doing good?"

#### June 16.

"For he that wavereth is like a wave of the

sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."—James i. 6, 7.

It is the simple, sincere decision of heart for God,—the willingness to take His Word as our unerring guide,—which is the turning-point of real religion. If the heart be not whole, all is wavering, weak, and effectless. "With my whole heart have I sought Thee," says the Psalmist. And there can be no mistake upon this vital subject.

Education for God.

## June 17.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

To Him who died for you, and is now exalted at the right hand of the Majesty on high, be ye faithful; and although you may be called, while in this world, to pass, as it were, through fire and water, He will, according to His promise, bring you at last into a wealthy place.

England's Exiles.

## June 18.

"O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"
—Deut. xxxii. 29.

Is not the work of dying, work enough for one hour? Should anything be left to the hour of death, but just to die? Should believing, regeneration, repentance, justification, sanctification, be all left to one brief, one agitated, one distracted hour? Oh! the folly, the perversity, the wickedness of men! how incomprehensible!

The Convict Ship.

## June 19.

"But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

To Him-

To Him return, from whom thine erring steps Have wander'd far and long? Return To thy Redeemer! Died He not in loveThe sinless, the divine, the Son of God,—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies?

Ah! retrace the way
Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no heart,
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them shower'd.

Mrs Hemans.

# JUNE 20.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

"Oh! it is all darkness!"

"Except this—that Jesus Christ is a sun and a shield; and those that put themselves at His feet are safe from all fear; and they who go to Him for light, shall complain of darkness no more."

MISS WETHERALL.

## JUNE 21.

"I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."—John xvii. 23.

Once the void of life reveal'd,
It must deepen on for ever;
Unless God fill up the heart,
With Himself, for once and ever.
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one for ever.

MONORTON MILNES.

# June 22.

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, besides Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."—

Isa. 1xiv. 4.

A fading world, that quickly passes by, Such rich provision of delight has made, For every human eye,—

What shall the eyes that wait for Him survey, Where His own presence gloriously appears, In worlds that were not founded for a day, But for eternal years?

R. C. TRENCH.

# June 23.

"Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? who can shew forth all His praise?"—Ps. cvi. 2.

When gifts are so good as the gospel and the promises—so good as our kindred and friends—so good as the flowers of the field, and the breath of new summer—it only needs an honest heart, which takes them as they come, and which tastes unaltered the goodness of God that is in them.

Royal Preacher.

### JUNE 24.

"Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. x. 5.

Lord! Thou know'st full well
The love I bear to Thee!
Let Thy Spirit dwell
Undebased in me;

Let love of glory, gold, and sin depart
Out of Thy kingdom in my blameless heart.
TEGNER. (Bethune's Trans.)

# June 25.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased."—Ps. iv. 7.

Content thee, greedy heart!

Modest and moderate joys to those that have
Title to more hereafter, when they part,

Are passing brave. Let the upper springs into the low Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail, If Thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught

> When griefs prevail, And for the future time art heir To the Isle of Spices—is 't not fair ?

Therefore sit down, good heart! Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all; If comforts fell according to desert, They would great frosts and snows destroy; For we should count—" since the last joy."

G. HERBERT.

# June 26.

"Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

Gal. iii. 26.

"Children-of-God-by-faith-in-Christ-Jesus." I join these words together, for faith is nothing without Christ Jesus. Faith just means dependence; in other words, going out of self to depend on Christ Jesus. And then, observe, He does not say, wise and instructed children, or strong and useful children, but children—that is all—a word that gives pledge of instruction and future training. It is the most blessed of all discoveries, that we are thus made "children of God." Everything else may bide its time, and find its place. It is enough if we are "children-of-God-by-faith-in-Christ-Jesus!"

#### June 27.

"For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."—Rev. vii. 17.

O Nature! thou didst rear me for thine own, With thy free singing birds, and mountain brooks; Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks, With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone; And thou didst teach me every wandering tone, Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and waves, And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves, And where bright mosses wove me a rich throne 'Midst the green hills; and now that far estranged From all sweet sounds, and odours of thy breath, Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged, So glows the love of thee, that not for Death Seems that pure passion's fervour, but ordain'd To meet on brighter shores thy majesty unstain'd.

MRS HEMANS.

# June 28.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I said, What shall I do, Lord?"—Acts xxii. 10.

The believer is the happy captive of Jesus Christ; he has fastened on himself His easy yoke, the light burden and delightful chains of a Saviour's love; and though Christ says, "Henceforth I call you no more servants," the disciple cannot give up the designation; there is no other term by which, at times, he can express that feeling of intense devotedness and self-surrender which fills his loyal bosom. "Truly, O Lord, I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid."

Life in Earnest.

# JUNE 29.

"O how love I Thy law!"-Ps. cxix. 97.

As through the verdant mead the crystal waters roll,

Refreshing every tree, and herb, and drooping flower,

So, Lord, Thy sacred law invigorates the soul, That, through Thy Spirit's grace, receives its quickening power.

Truth's treasure here is found, and from this precious mine,

Thy child can draw of wisdom fathomless,

Of strong supports in need, and strength to aid divine,

And for his heart renew'd, of much-loved holiness.

This is the soul's safe port when tempests rend the sky,

Where it may find a rest and shelter in the calm; This the soft Comforter, where we may safely fly,

When sorrow's beating waves the timid breast alarm.

O how love I Thy law! Lord, to my heart 'tis dear!

I love to hear its voice, my dubious way to guide; Each day is peace, kindly directed here,—

Oh, may my wand'ring steps in its blest ways abide!

Thy promise now I plead,—oh, write it in my heart, Spirit of Jesus Christ! and make me to obey; And if I weary grow, or from God's truth depart.

To Him restore my soul, and lead me in His way.

#### JUNE 30.

"The earth was full of His praise."—Hab. iii. 3.

To ask, with contempt, What is the use of beauty?

is to ask, with impiety, why God has filled the universe with it; why He has made the skies blue, and the fields green, and vegetation full of flowers, and gifted everything in existence with shape and colour. The commonest piece of grass, with the straightness of its stem, the flowing contrast of its leaves, and the trembling fulness of its ears, is a miracle of beauty; so rich in grace and suggestiveness has it pleased Him to make the houses of the very insects and the food of the cattle! Is it not better to discern this?

#### JULY 1.

"Moreover, I will make a covenant of peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them: . . . . and I will set My sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore."—Ezek. xxxvii. 26.

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil bower,
To rest one little hour,
Till Thine elect are number'd, and the Grave
Call Thee to come and save.
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend,
Again with earth to blend;
Earth, all refined with bright supernal fires,
Tinctured with holy blood, and wing'd with pure desires.

Meanwhile, with every son and saint of Thine,
Along the glorious line,
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet,
We'll hold communion sweet;
Know them by look and voice, and thank them all
For helping us in thrall;
For words of hope, and bright examples given,
To shew through moonless skies that there is light
in heaven.
KEBLE.

# JULY 2.

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."—Gen. v. 24.

Our entrance into the immediate presence of God is not a total change of atmosphere, but only a passing from a lower degree to a higher.

CUMMING.

# JULY 3.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?"—Matt. xxvi. 53.

He might have built a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.
Time was, and He who nourish'd crowds with bread
Would not one meal unto Himself afford;
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Were at His beck, the scorn'd and buffeted!
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought.
Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought,

To have all power, and be as having none; Oh, self-denying love, which felt alone For needs of others, never for its own.

R. C. TRENCH.

# JULY 4.

"I am the bright and morning Star."—Rev. xxii, 16.

There is a morning Star!
There is a morning Star!
Twill soon be near and bright, though now
It seems so dim and far;
And when time's stars have come and gone,
And every mist of earth has flown,
That better Star shall rise
On this world's clouded skies,
To shine for ever.

The night is well-nigh spent,
The night is well-nigh spent;
And soon above our heads shall shine
A glorious firmament,
Unutterly pure and bright,
The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light—

A light unchanging and divine!
A Star that shall unclouded shine,
Descending never!
From the Bible Hymn-Book.

#### JULY 5.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."

—1 John iv. 9.

There is love enough on Calvary to lift the earth to heaven; there is light enough in Pentecost to irradiate the wide world; there is warmth enough on the hearth-stone of our Father's house to make every heart glow with ecstasy and thankfulness.

The Signs of the Times.

# JULY 6.

"And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also."

—1 John iv. 21.

I cannot choose but marvel at the way
In which our lives pass on from day to day,
Learning strange lessons in the human heart,
And yet like shadows letting them depart.
Is misery so familiar that we bring
Ourselves to view it as a usual thing?
Thus is it! How regardless pass we by
The cheek to paleness worn, the heavy eye,
We do too little feel each other's pain;
We do relax too much the social chain
That binds us to each other; slight the care
There is for grief in which we have no share.

LEL

# JULY 7.

"I remember the days of old, I meditate on all Thy works; I muse on the work of Thy hands."—Ps. cxliii. 5.

If you be the children of God, this earth is your unfading heritage. Its best things will subsist as long as you care to preserve them; there will be as many records of creation as there are holy recollections in heaven. There may be no "Jacob's Well," but its deep shaft and shady canopy will still be pictured in her memory, who, one summer after-

noon, found resting there, a stranger, and obtained from Him water of everlasting life. When the aspen and the alder, when the bee in the fox-glove, and the roses round the bower, are only enshrined in the amber of celestial reminiscence, you will still remember what like earth's sanctuaries looked, and how its summers shone. The Royal Preacher.

# JULY 8.

"And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. . . . Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—Luke vii. 48, 50.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet, From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low, Lest I should fear, and fall, and miss Thee so, Who art not miss'd by any who entreat. Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet; And if no precious spice my hands bestow, Let my tears drop like amber, while I go In search of Thy divinest voice, complete In humanest affection,—thus, in sooth, To lose the sense of losing! As a child, Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore, Is sung to, in its stead, by mother's mouth;

Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

# July 9.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."—Col. iii. 16.

Haus would kindly take his hand for a minute, and bring forth some soul-strengthening text. And then Claude would smile, and fix his eyes again on his book; and the next time they looked at him, they would see his quiet face lit up with some inward lamp of faith and love that an invisible Ministrant had kindled.

Claude the Colporteur.

## JULY 10.

"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase."—Prov. iii. 9.

The bounteous hand—I would 'most envy it,

And more the heart that's bountiful. Oh, rich men!

Be glad that God does make you bankers for Him, And bids ye sanctify your increase thus, By the brave usuries of mercy.

Old Play.

### JULY 11.

"For your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.

I was pondering to-day over my incorrigibly dead heart, and the many roots of bitterness that spring up and trouble me; and I was thinking I would give something to live without these inbred miseries, and fearing that the Holy One could never look upon such a worthless, senseless stock as I; till I thought: "I cannot lift up one feeling; I will go and tell Jesus all about it." So I said to this effect—"Lord, Thou seest all hearts. At this moment Thou knowest that I am come to tell Thee that I feel myself to be poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable. I have no stock of goodness to draw upon, no righteousness to cover me, no wisdom to guide me, no power to help me. I come just to tell Thee all my distresses, and to lie at Thy feet—a very beggar, making my

very bankruptcy a plea before Thee for relief." I got crawling nearer and nearer thus, till I heard Him say, "Stand up upon thy feet; fear not—I know thy poverty." He gave me no flattering contradiction—but He added, "But thou art rich—see My fulness. I am, unto thee, righteousness, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption." Oh, rich beggary! Oh, full emptiness! This is what I wanted!—just to be reminded that as it pleased the Father, that "in Him should all fulness dwell," so it must please me to "have nothing" in myself, that I might "possess all things" in Him. This is a hidden life, a life hid with Christ in God, so hid that faith only can discern it, and that by the light of the Spirit...

Ē. K.

# July 12.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. v. 20.

Some murmur when their sky is clear And wholly bright to view, If one small speck of dark appear In their great heaven of blue: And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

R. C. TRENCH.

#### July 13.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—

Rev. xxi. 23, 25.

Mysterious night! while our first parent knew
Thee from report alone, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great, setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came,
And all creation widen'd in his view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd

Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,

While Fly, and Leaf, and Insect stood reveal'd, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind? Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? If light can thus deceive, why may not life?

# July 14.

"God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

—Acts xvii. 24.

Pleasant it is to stand
Within Thy temples fair,
To hear Thy ministers proclaim
That Thou dost meet us there;
To kneel before Thine altar, and partake
The Sacramental food, for Jesus' sake.

But pain and death will come,

And then, O God, for me,
Can anthem, litany, and chant,
In aught availing be?
The melodies that float through choir and aisle,
While cold in dust my head shall rest the while?

Draw near and condescend
To take up Thine abode
Within this sinful heart, and dwell
An ever present God.
t I not be alone with Thee at last?

Must I not be alone with Thee at last?
O let my life be in Thy presence pass'd!

C. N.

# JULY 15.

"For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life."—Rom. v. 10.

Freely loved—undeservedly loved! Strange feeling! Loved when an enemy—sought after when unworthy! The Lord my Shepherd.

# JULY 16.

"Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation)... having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet."—Acts iv. 36, 37.

Yea, still the "Son of Consolation" brings
A comfort to our hearts, while here we stay
With strife of inward sin, and outward things,
Tempted and frighted from the narrow way.
God's saints have trod the same rough path before,
Had passions like to ours, and pains and perils more.

Nor only solace draw we from the theme—
His holy life hath many a lesson meet:
How little he did worldly wealth esteem,
Who laid his all at the apostles' feet!
How-earthly honour grieved his lowliness!
How full his heart of grace, and love, and gentleness!

Like scented airs from some far garden brought
Perchance across the traveller's weary track,
Example, comfort, counsels, holy thought,
Come, as our memories fondly wander back
To that old saint, and higher lead us still
Unto the "King of Saints," upon His heavenly hill.
C. F. H.

#### July 17.

"My tabernacle also shall be with them: yea I will be their God, and they shall be my people."—Ezek. xxxvii. 27.

He ever lives unviolenced by ill,
Who to his God devoted has no will.
Since Thou my Father art, O God, I might
Claim in Thy boundless goodness, wisdom, might.
Thy wisdom will my soul in doubts direct;
Thy might will in calamities protect;
Thy goodness will not willingly afflict;
With all the three I'll keep a union strict;
They'll me proportion what for me is best,
In their disposal I'll entirely rest.
I unto Thee refund my borrow'd mind,
To centre in Thee by a will resign'd.

BISHOP KENN.

#### July 18.

"At that day ye shall ask in My name; and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."—John xvi. 26, 27.

There is no need for a believer in Jesus to be troubled or afraid. Let him deposit all his anxieties in that Ear which is gracious enough to attend to the most trivial of them, and leave them in That

Hand which is mighty enough to disperse the most tremendous.

Life in Earnest.

#### JULY 19.

"Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day."—Ps. xxv. 5.

All fulness is in Thee, my God! yet Thou Dost love to make me wants, and keep me poor, That I may oftener have the joy Of coming unto Thee, and Thou Of hearing my beseechful voice Early and late, and voice of loving thanks, Hourly uplifted. The loving mother so lures her young child, By giving her choice sweets, not all at once, But dolèd forth by one and one, That she may oftener see his tottering feet Bringing him to her knee, so restful found! And the fond look of those delightful eyes, And lips upraised to kiss when they have won the prize. C. L.

# JULY 20.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

Two hours or more before the spring of day,
As I within me mused how poor and leer
This world,—and, as in pain I waking lay,
Thought upon all the happy souls, that here
Once suffer'd, but are now exempt from fear,
And pain, and wrong,—there woke within my breast
A speechless longing for that heavenly rest.

My Lord, my God, what wondrous grace is this,
That Thou disdainest not to visit me,
And give me tidings of my coming bliss?
Who am I, sinful man, so graced to be?
Oh! gladly will I bear whate'er by Thee
May be appointed, ere my race be run,
Of pain or travel—Lord, Thy will be done!
R. C. TRENCH.

#### JULY 21.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."—Tim. iv. 6.

It is told me I must die!

O what happiness!

I am going

To the place of my rest;

To the land of the living;

To the haven of security;

To the palace of my God;

To sit at the table of my King;

To feed on the bread of angels;

To see what no eye hath seen;

To hear what no ear hath heard;

To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O Thou, the best of all Fathers!
Thou hast had pity on the most wretched of all Thy children.

I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
And am now ready to appear before Thee,

O my Father!

RICHARD LANGHORN, after being falsely condemned to death, 1678.

# JULY 22.

"And He saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor; there-

fore His arm brought salvation unto him; and His righteousness, it sustained him."—Isa. lix. 16.

Search the universe to save yourself from despair, and only in the heart of Him whom you have offended can an argument be found for your salvation.

The Lord my Shepherd.

# JULY 23.

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands."—I Tim. ii. 8.

When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say, "Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray."

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed? The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might, Out of his darkness, into God's own light.

R. C. TRENCH. (Drawn from Eastern sources.)

#### JULY 24.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v. 1.

I could not sleep or rest. I trembled before a holy God; and the remembrance of my wilful departure from Christ, and that my sins had again pierced Him, filled me with misery and despair.

... Then I remembered that Jesus died even for the chief of sinners, and by His own Holy Spirit He sent to my mind His own consoling words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." He gave me that peace—a peace which I now enjoy, arising from faith in His justifying righteousness, and precious cleansing blood.

The Convict Ship.

# JULY 25.

"And I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek, xxxiv. 26.

When thou hast spent the lingering day, In pleasure and delight; Or after toil and weary way, Dost seek to rest at night: Unto thy pains or pleasures past, Add this one labour yet, E'er sleep close up thine eye too fast, Do not thy God forget.

And think how well soe'er it be. That thou hast spent the day, It came of God, and not of thee, So to direct thy way. Thus if thou try thy daily deeds. And pleasure in this pain, Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds, And thine shall be the gain.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

# SEPTEMBER 13.

"How forcible are right words!"—Job vi. 25.

They were the only words I ever heard from you man; but I will remember them, and bring them up for him in the last day.

I have no power to rise above my griefs,
I cannot chase my gloom of heart away—
I cannot patient wait for time's reliefs,
Nor calmly watch dark nightfall into day;
I have no strength for this! O Lord my God, do
Thou

Chase this dark cloud that weighs like sin upon my brow.

Speak to my soul; tell me that Thou art light;
Bid me look up, and see from out the gloom
Some little ray struggling through deep, deep night.
My griefs are earth's, I know,—beyond the tomb,
There lies no shadow on my path; but, O my God!
Hast Thou no joy to grant e'er o'er me rests the sod?

I would not have Thee only as my rest,
My refuge in sore grief, or bitter thrall;
I'd have Thee, of ten thousand joys the best,
The brightest, noblest, dearest of them all;
I'd have Thee as the jewell'd treasure of my heart,
From which, nor joy, nor grief, nor life, nor death,
can part.

But what am I, my God! thus to debate

With Thee, who from first dawn to latest ray,

Hast traced the wondrous mercy-line of fate,

That guides my faltering steps to loftier day?

I will be still; my heart shall rest on Thee unmoved,

For Thou canst ne'er forsake the sinful soul Thou st.

Loved

JULY 27.

# I. C.

"Unto the elect lady, whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth; for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever."—2 John, i. 1, 2.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely didst shun the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth—
The better part, with Mary, and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends,
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.

MILTON'S Sonnets.

Pressing with reverend foot the hallow'd sod, Thou tread'st the earth, even as the sages trod, In the old favour'd days, who walk'd with God.

In ways where all sweet charities do meet, Thy steps are constant as the wave's timed beat, And airs from heaven play about thy feet. As one for whom God's better light doth shine, The downward eyes of silent thought are thine, Whose soul, with lifted gaze, looks straight to the Divine.

JULY 28.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."—Col. i. 27.

He who has Christ in his heart, enshrines there the inextinguishable, deathless hope of glory.

OCTAVIUS WINSLOW.

# JULY 29.

"To the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever."—
Ps. xxx. 12.

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if Thou hast made,
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be conveyed

To lands of other lays, and there become Native as early melodies of home— I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath—
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that perchance a faint gale of Thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One straying spirit upwards to Thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer—for this alone
I bless Thee, O my God!

Mrs Hemans.

# JULY 30.

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—Deut. vi. 7.

All the flagitious sins that abound in the world are not so great an evidence of the decline of Christianity as this—that it has grown unusual, yea, a shame, for men to speak of the things of

God. It was not so when religion was in its primitive power and glory; nor is it so now, indeed, with them who really love God, and are sensible of their happy duty.

DR OWEN.

# JULY 31.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John viii. 12.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night, if Thou art near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

# SEPTEMBER 20.

"I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners. . . . Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord."—Isa. lvii. 18, 19.

What is it to be parted? 'Tis to be
As 'twere embalmed in love's fond memory,
To have our recollection planted where
The cherish'd flowers of thought bloom fresh and
fair.

What is it to be parted? 'Tis to live
Still present in the scenes we leave—to give
Our impress unto all; to make each thing
That charms the mind our link'd remembrance
bring.

It is that all we said, or look'd, or thought,— Our very tones back on the mind are brought.

What is it to be parted? "Tis to dwell Enshrined within the heart's most sacred cell; Amid its deepest prayers, and holiest love, And musing thought that makes its home above; And mounting hope, and faith's exalted trust, That looks beyond this world's decaying dust;

And thus to have our blessed portion given,
Mid things of earth that are the nearest heaven,—
Yes, this—yes, this is parting!
Unpublished Poems.

# SEPTEMBER 21.

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."—Isa. xliii. 1.

Disgust, weariness, and selfishness shrink away and hide themselves before a word or look of the Redeemer of men. When we hear Him say, "I have bought thee, thou art Mine," it is like one of those old words of healing, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity," "Be thou clean;" and the mind takes delightfully His promises and His commands together. Only the "preparation of the Gospel of Peace" can make us go softly over the roughness of the way.

MISS WETHERALL.

# SEPTEMBER 22,

"God is no respecter of persons; but in

every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."—Acts x. 34, 35.

Give God that first, best sacrifice,
An humbled heart's repentant sighs;
Give Him some hours, that else were spent,
In sleep, or sloth, or merriment,
For prayer and holy deed;
The praises of a heart content
With all by Him decreed.

God looketh on our inward life,
He knows the cost, He sees the strife;
Alike accepted in His sight,
The rich man's thousand talents bright,
Given all in quiet lowliness,
And the poor widow's lonely mite,
Saved from her hard distress.

C. F. H.

## SEPTEMBER 23.

"An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."—1 Peter i. 4.

"Never say you are unhappy," said a dying man to his wife; "think what an inheritance you have!"

#### SEPTEMBER 24.

"Wherefore I beseech you that ye would confirm your love toward Him."—2 Cor. ii. 8.

Oh, watch and pray ere advent dawn!
For thinner than the subtlest lawn
'Twixt thee and death the veil is drawn.
But love too late can never glow;
The scatter'd fragments love can glean,
Refine the dregs, and yield us clean,
To regions where one thought serene
Breathes sweeter than whole years of sacrifice below.
Keble.

### SEPTEMBER 25.

"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."

—John xii. 26.

"I am going to Jesus," said ——, "and I am He will meet me. Yes! for He promised, 'If and prepare a place for you, I will come again receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there may be also.'" Is not this a mercy—a great pr lege? Is it yours? When your flesh and you heart shall fail, have you a Saviour's arm to le upon? have you a Saviour's merits to trust in have you a Saviour's righteousness to appear in?

# SEPTEMBER 26.

"He hath put a new song into our mout even praise unto our God."—Ps. xl. 3.

Thou, then, our strength, Father of life and death
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we ov
From me, the tenant of this fading breath,

Accept these lines, which from Thy goodne flow:

And Thou that wert Thy regal Prophet's muse, Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto Thy throne,
Where Majesty doth sit with mercy crown'd;
Where my Redeemer lives, with whom slone
The errors of my wandering life are drown'd;

Where all the choir of heaven resound the same, That only Thine, Thine is the saving Name.

Well then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain!
Thy Christ that conquer'd hell shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And reconcile His justice with His love;
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

Now I have done—now are my thoughts at peace,
And now my joys are stronger than my grief;
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in life, but present in belief.
Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,
And Thou wilt find Thy dearly-bought in dust.
SIR H. WOTTON.

#### SEPTEMBER 27.

"Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all."—1 *Tim.* iv. 15.

A fervent spirit for God is a happy spirit. Peace with God is the life of the soul, and joy in God is its

health. That assured and elevated believer who enjoys everything in God, and God in everything, must needs be fervent. His inward blessedness makes him bountiful, and to do good and to communicate are things which, in his happy mood of mind, he cannot help. To look to Jesus is to come to God, and to come home to God is to be happy.

Life in Eurnest.

# SEPTEMBER 28.

"The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing."—Ps. xli. 3.

Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling Within my heart the world's disturbing sound! And the dim quiet of my chamber filling With low sweet voices, by life's tumult drown'd.

Thou art like starry, spiritual night!

High and immortal thoughts attend thy way, And revelations, which the common light

Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray All outward life. Be welcome then the rod, Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God. MRS HEMANS.

#### SEPTEMBER 29.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

Tell me . . . what is there now in your character and conduct which could furnish me with matter of thanksgiving to God? For what in you could I retire to my room, and fall down on my knees, and thank the Lord?

The Convict Ship.

# SEPTEMBER 30.

"Even them will I bring into My holy mountain."—Isa. lvi. 7.

Our course is onward, onward into light! What though the darkness gathereth amain, Yet to return or tarry both were vain.

Onwards! we travel through a darksome cave; But still as nearer to the light we draw,

Such gales will meet us from the upper air, And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave, The darkness lighten more, till, full of awe, We stand in the open sunshine—unaware.

R. C. TRENCH.

#### OCTOBER 1.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

—John xvii. 4.

And I saw the Lord of all Hours Himself: and He spake of some hours which He had spent on earth, which had made the hours of man far different from what otherwise they could have been :-- the hour in which He was betrayed;—the hour of the power of darkness;—the hour when His soul was troubled; the hour when they crucified Him :-- the hour when He cried, "Father, unto thy hands I commend My spirit," and, "It is finished!" Hours they were of love and sorrow, such as none ever spent but He! from which, as from hidden roots, there sprang up strong branches, and green leaves, and bright fruits: pardon, sanctity, and bliss. And I remembered, how through faith in Him, Time's story had been changed to many a one, the voyage on life's ocean been safely past, and their rocking vessels landed on the heavenly shores. J. S.

## OCTOBER 2.

"There are not found that returneth to give glory to God, save this stranger."—Luke xvii. 18.

We walk amid a world of beauteous things, Unnumber'd blessings all around us flowing, Till we forget the gracious Hand that brings, Unheeded in its bountiful bestowing.

We walk in a new life; for us the stain
That fell on this bright world, God's fair creation,
Is wash'd away, and we are made again
The sons of God, the heirs of high salvation.

And angels wave their guardian wings around, Communion with eternal things is ours, Hopes brightening still, and joys that are not found On this fair earth, with all her songs and flowers.

Where are our deeds in grateful service done?

Where are the words with thankful rapture burning?

Alas! and are we cleansed? there's scarcely one With voice of praise and works of love returning.

But words are weak when thoughts lie deep and strong,

And hearts run o'er, in deeds their love expressing:

Be all your holy lives one grateful song,

Be all your acts one voice of praise and blessing.

C. F. H.

## OCTOBER 3.

"For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."
—Rom. viii. 15.

"Do you suppose that if the publican had returned to the temple on the morrow, he would have uttered the same lamentations, and the same supplications for pardon?"

"No; he would have returned thanks to God for the free justification he had received from Him."

"Yet he would have been far from believing himself 'free from spot' before the presence of the Lord. But God was reconciled to him; He was his Saviour and his Father; and if he smote again upon his breast, it would not have been to exclaim: 'Have pity upon me, who am under Thy wrath;' but, 'Have pity upon Thy child, who has known and tasted of Thy love!' How widely different!"

MALAN.

#### OCTOBER 4.

"The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."—Eph. i. 18.

I could have deem'd one spoke from heaven Of hope and joy, of life and death, And immortality through faith; Of that great change commenced within, The blood that cleanseth from all sin, That can wash out the inward stain. And consecrate the heart again; The voice that clearer and more clear, Doth speak unto the chasten'd ear: The gracious influences given, In a continued stream from heaven: The balm that can the soul's hurt heal, The Spirit's witness and its seal.— I listen'd, for unto mine ear The word that I had long'd to hear Was come at last. . . . . Here was the answer to my need! R. C. TRENCH.

#### OCTOBER 5.

"Let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."—James i. 5.

Whatever else you think, set no limits to the loving-kindness of the Lord; nor to the largeness of those petitions by which the needy suppliant honours the liberal giver.

REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

## OCTOBER 6.

"Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."

—Luke viii. 52.

Hath she not slept, as I could wish to sleep? Hath she not slept in Jesus? Wherefore weep Mine eyes? or why this tumult in my breast, When all around thee speaks eternal rest? That sacred, silent hour which stopp'd thy breath, And gave thy body to the power of death, I may not mourn—for then, thy work was done, Thy sweet sabbatic hours were then begun; And thou didst go where thou shalt never see Such bitter tears as have been shed for thee.

## OCTOBER 7.

" O God, Thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from Thee."—Ps. lxix. 5.

The strongest conviction which we may entertain of our own unworthiness, can never equal that knowledge of it which is possessed by God. When therefore, in Christ Jesus, He calls upon us to exercise confidence towards Him, why should we make our own more limited sense of our unworthiness the ground of our distrust?

The Lord our Shepherd.

### OCTOBER 8.

"Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."—Heb. vi. 20.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord! when grace hath made me meet Thy blessed face to see! For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

#### OCTOBER 9.

"Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John iv. 7.

Love is the end; love alone is life! What are the happy moments in a man's existence? the sublime moments? Those in which the soul eagerly unites itself by admiration or sympathy to what is good, great, or generous. The soul is completely happy, only when in union with its principle it forgets itself—when it becomes, in regard to the God whom it loves, only a mirror, an altar, an echo!

VINET, Gospel Studies.

OCTOBER 10.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead : it is

a 1

sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."—l Cor. xv. 42, 43.

Nothing is left or lost—nothing of good
Or lovely; but whatever its first springs
Has drawn from God, returns to Him again;
That only which 'twere misery to retain,
Is taken from you—which to keep were loss.
Only the scum, the refuse, and the dross,
Are borne away unto the grave of things.
Meanwhile, whatever gifts from heaven descend,
Thither again have flow'd,—
To the receptacle of all things good,
From whom they come, and unto whom they tend,
Who is the First and Last, the Author and the End.
R. C. Trench.

# OCTOBER 11.

"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—I Cor. ix. 22.

We have often seen what great benefit one messmate, one shipmate, one schoolfellow, one acquaintance, may, under the blessing of God, confer upon another. And we are solemnly reminded that God requires all men, in their respective stations of life, to be constantly, habitually on the watch for opportunities of winning souls to Christ.

The Convict Ship.

### OCTOBER 12.

"For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. ciii. 14.

He knows His sheep; the wind and showers beat not too sharply the shorn lamb:

His wisdom is more wise than ours; He knows my being—what I am.

He tempers smiles with tears,—both good, to bear in time the Christian mood.

For sure, 'twere best to bear the cross, nor lightly fling the thorns behind,

Lest we grow happy by the loss of what was noblest in the mind.

Yea! e'en in ruin of my years, Father, I'd bless Thee through my tears!

Altered from OWEN MERIDETH.

#### OCTOBER 13.

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities."—

Ps. ciii. 10.

If we all of us received only what we deserved, why did the fire come down upon the cities of the plain, and upon us, out of the same heaven, only this quiet rain? The thought is balm, wholesome and animating to the sinner's heart.

The Melvilles.

#### OCTOBER 14.

"Thou art my hope in the day of evil."—Jer. xvii. 17.

And wilt Thou never leave us, nor forsake?

O God! I thank Thee for these words of love!

Pain is not evil; sickness but to lead
Our wandering thoughts to centre in the sky.

Does not the Father, when the child doth heed
The charmer's voice, that charmeth cunningly,

In fondness smite him? When on some dear breast
We lean in confidence, and Thee betray,
Thou tak'st that gentle spirit to Thy rest,
And bid'st us seek a more abiding stay.

Thus make us know, O Lord! that all is frail;
Thus teach our hearts on Thee their cares to fling;
Thus bid the whirlwind or the storm prevail,
If these can turn us to Thy sheltering wing.

Oh! who would gladly change for strength and pride,
That joy in weakness happy children prove;
Who cling, 'midst danger, to a father's side,
And feel his strong defence, and own his love!
W. C.

#### OCTOBER 15.

"Though it tarry, wait for it."-Hab. ii. 3.

Wherefore should I ever have doubted it? As if true prayers could be unanswered before the Throne for ever.

Merkland.

"Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, October 16. upon Thine arm: for love is strong as de Cant. viii. 6.

A mind at perfect peace with God! Lord, what a word is this!

A sinner reconciled through blood, This, this indeed is peace.

By nature and by practice far, How very far from God; Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him, Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God, I cannot nearer be; For in the person of His Son, I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God, I cannot dearer be;

For the love wherewith He loves His Son,—

### OCTOBER 17.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3.

No silver trumpet sounded in my ears, Bringing glad tones of mercy from high heaven; No voice of sweetness melted me to tears, Or told me how my sins could be forgiven.

But all was silent as the growth of flowers,
Or as the light which shineth from above,
When mercy came, like soft, warm, summer showers
And melted all my icy heart to love.

Almighty was the power, but oh! so still,
Which gave me life, and made my sick heart whole,
Moulding anew my heart, and wayward will,
Diffusing life divine throughout my soul.

I thought it was God's glory here below, Heaven's bright perfection brought to me on earth, When thus within my breast I felt the glow Of love and life, from this pure heavenly birth.

### OCTOBER 18.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. xxxi. 3.

.... In that hour From out my sullen heart a power Broke, like the rainbow from the shower;

To feel, although no tongue can prove, That every cloud that spreads above, And veileth Love, itself is Love.

TENNYSON.

## OCTOBER 19.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations."—Ps. lxxxix. 1.

Lord, I have tried Thee oft, and never found Thy love to fail. But, ah! when Thou hast tried My frail, frail heart, how has it turn'd aside, And snapp'd asunder like a broken bow! Yet I am come to Thee, my Lord! again, In hope that Thou wilt brace and string anew
The false and faithless thing, and let it send
The arrows Thou entrustest to its strength,
Straight to their mark; for, ah! my will is weak,
And strength, how weaker still! Place Thou what
shaft

Thou wilt upon the string, so that I feel It is Thy hand directs it. Yet at last The poor, oft-strained bow Thou wilt release, And let it loving lean by Thy blest side in peace.

C. L.

## OCTOBER 20.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. ciii. 2, 3.

As to what lies below the surface—leave that with God. Man, your equal, weak as you, and not fit to be your judge, may be shut out thence. Take it to your Maker—shew Him the secrets of the spirit He gave—ask Him how you are to bear the pains He has appointed; kneel in His presence, and pray with faith for light in darkness, for strength in piteous weakness, for patience in extreme need. At some

hour, though perhaps not your hour, the waiti waters will stir; in some shape,—though perhaps the shape you demand,—the healing herald will seend. The cripple, and the blind, and the durand the possessed, will be led to bathe. Herald, or quickly!

#### OCTOBER 21.

"Why are ye so fearful? how is it that have no faith?"—Mark iv. 40.

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea-wave, Exclaim'd in fear, "I perish in this grave;" But, in a shell received, that drop of dew Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew; And, happy now, the grace did magnify Which thrust it forth, as it had fear'd, to die; Until, again, "I perish quite," it said; Torn by rude divers from its ocean bed. Oh, unbelieving! so it came to gleam Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

R. C. TREN

## OCTOBER 22.

"Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. vi. 20.

The Almighty has not placed you in this world, that you should strive after a measure of deceitful happiness, but that you should glorify His everlasting name. If it please Him, you shall have your season of gladness and rejoicing; but you were not made to hunt and to seek after it; but to fulfil the will, and manifest the glory of God that made you.

Mrs Margaret Maitland.

## OCTOBER 23.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. ii. 3.

Arise! this day shall shine For evermore, To thee a star divine On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay:
Bid it awake and look
At grief to-day.

No shade has come between Thee and the sun; Like some long childish dream, Thy life has run:

But now the stream has reach'd A dark, deep sea; And sorrow, dim and crown'd, Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bear
A sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine.

To each anointed Priest God's summons came: O soul, He speaks to-day, And calls thy name!

Then, with slow, reverent step And beating heart, From out thy joyous days Thou must depart;

And, leaving all behind, Come forth alone, To join the chosen band Around the throne. Raise up thine eyes—be strong, Nor cast away The crown that God has given Thy soul to-day!

# OCTOBER 24.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, hat of the night?"—Isa. xxi. 11.

Inquire, my soul, inquire,
What doth the watchman say;
Is the one object of desire,
Upon his way?

What doth the watchman say,
Whose cry the slumb'rer wakes?
"The night has nearly pass'd way—
The morning breaks."

"The night is coming, too—
A night of speechless woe;
But there shall be no night to you,
Who Jesus know."

Take up the watchman's word;
Repeat the midnight cry:
"Prepare to meet your coming Lord,—
The time draws nigh."

Come, whosoever will, Ere God's right hand he leaves; He waits till He His bosom fill With all His sheaves.

Make ready, O my soul,

Make ready, brethren dear;
Send up the heart's burnt-off'ring whole,—
Your Lord draws near.

Be found of Him in peace,

Hush'd be the sounds of strife,—
Come quickly, bring us full release,
O Lord, our Life!

And in that blessed day,
When we around Thee dwell,
Will't not be bliss to hear Thee say,
"We loved thee well."

# OCTOBER 25.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. xii. 2.

Too often the gravest speculations tend to occupy us too much with ourselves; to give too strong a

old to that vivacious self-interest which catches at, ad clings to every thing. The look directed to ssus, and this look alone, has an opposite tendency; ad in proportion as it is prolonged, it inspires our sul with a holy enthusiasm, a holy love. It makes nesse dispositions habitual, dominant in our heart. becomes at once the light and the warmth of our fe. It does better than refute doubts, it absorbs sem. It bids away frivolous questions, discards obtleties, creates a triumphant evidence, and transports us by anticipation into the light of heaven; utting under our feet all the clouds which hung ver our heads.

VINET, Gospel Studies.

#### OCTOBER 26.

"When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a ght unto me."—Micah vii. 8.

\*Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze, Fast fading from our wistful gaze; Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul,—Thou Saviour dear\
It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold, And all the flowers of life unfold, Let not my heart within me burn, Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep, My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live! Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

KEBLE.

## OCTOBER 27.

"I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember Thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all Thy work, and talk of Thy doings."—Ps. lxxvii. 10-12.

Have you thought of the immortalising faculty of your own immortal minds. Should the sun and moon grow pale, their image will endure so long as you remember the happy hour "beneath their light," when you gave yourself to God,—so long as you remember when first, in the Saviour's invitations, you read your title to a mansion in the skies,—so long as you remember the bright hour when the peace of God was a full tide in your bosom, and in the melting admiration of redeeming love, you looked up into the heavens, and said, "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

The Royal Preacher.

# OCTOBER 28.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

—Deut. viii. 7.

Oh! beautiful are streams!
And, through all ages, human hearts have loved
Their music, still accordant with each mood
Of sadness, or of joy. The One Supreme,
The all-sustaining, ever present God,

Who dower'd thy soul with immortality, Gave also these delights, to cheer on earth Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet Each wandering flower-scent as a boon from Him, Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light summer leaves, And every rich celestial tint unnamed, Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve Kindle and melt away.

MRS HEMANR.

## OCTOBER 29.

"For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."—1 Thes. v. 9, 10.

Fear not for death.

Death takes lovingly the soul, and passes forth,
And bears away the new-born rescued babe
Before its Father. I have no fears,
For death is nothing but deliverance
And silent pity. As he draws more nigh,
More freely heaves my lighten'd breast. I know
That, face to face, I shall behold my God
In heaven's unclouded brightness; I shall see
The light of ages I have loved, great souls

Nobler and better than I am, who stand Glorified by the throne, with golden harps, White-robed, and sing a song of thanksgiving, Made in the air of heaven, and in the tongue Which angels use.

TEGNÈR.

## OCTOBER 30.

"Before they call, I will answer."—Isa. lxv. 24.

My unforgotten child!

Have I not pray'd and wept;

And through the silent night,

A lonely vigil kept?

Yes; I am with thee now,
To watch that ransom'd heart;
To see how in its woe,
It will perform its part.

On my sustaining arm,
Thy weight of weakness lean;
In every maze of sorrow,
My footsteps may be seen.

And calmly, calmly venture,
On through thy deep distress;
Safe in my guiding power,
My matchless tenderness.

C. N

# OCTOBER 31.

"For Thou hast been a . . . refuge from th storm, . . . when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall."—Isa. xxv. 4.

I never watch'd upon a wilder night—
The madden'd hurricane swept fiercely by,
And shook his sounding wings. Impatiently,—
As wrathful men in anguish,—for his flight—
The tossing trees bow'd down their heads of might,
To the rude war of earth, and sea, and sky.
I scarce could close at last my weary eye.—
Again I look, before the morning light,
And all is changèd. In soft lullabies
The breeze just whispers; o'er the countless ranks
Of heaven's great host the mildest moonlight lies,
Like some broad stream fast sleeping in its banks.
The deep calm spoke of rest in Paradise;
I thought upon my dead—and gave God thanks!
BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

#### NOVEMBER 1.

"And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. xxii. 3, 4.

A fervent spirit is the most abundant source of an active life. In heaven there is a perfect activity, because in heaven there is a perfect fervour. They are all happy there; they have a sufficient end in all they do; and there is no wearying in their work, for there is no waning in their love.

Life in Earnest.

#### NOVEMBER 2.

"We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends."—Ps. lv. 15.—P. V.

Holy, and wondrous beautiful thou art,

O 'Christian' Love! Who is there that would part

With that best music of the beating heart!

The sweetest tone may falter on the tongue, The chords may break that with thy strains have rung.

But memory treasures all the soul hath sung.

Ye cannot drown it where the wild winds rave, It hath a voice which Time and Death can brave; Such Love's undying echoes find no earthly grave!

# NOVEMBER 3.

"Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God."—John xx. 17.

I have been very much comforted by these words,—the precious words of Christ; which reveal His relation to His believing people, and remind them of His never-ceasing care for them,—"My Father and your Father; My God, and your God."

From a letter in 'The Convict Ship.'

#### NOVEMBER 4.

"That, being justified by His grace, we should a made heirs according to the hope of eternal fe."—Titus iii. 7.

We thank Thee, gracious God!
or all our treasured memories!—tender cares,
ond words, bright, bright sustaining looks unchanged
hrough tears and joy. O Father! most of all,
7e thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
hrough Thy redeeming Son, vouchsafed to those
hat love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,
nd in Thy heavens, immortal! Hear our prayers;
ake home our fond affections, purified
o spirit-radiance from all earthly stain;
xalted, solemnised, made fit to dwell,
ather! where all things that are lovely meet,
nd all things that are pure—for evermore,
7ith Thee and Thine!

MRS HEMANS.

## NOVEMBER 5.

# Inkermann.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."—Isa. lvii. 1.

That sunny Sabbath morn we pray'd in peace, And read God's undisturbed Word, nor thought That those we loved were meeting their stern deaths! Oh!-oh! how could it be, that hearts so near Our own could agonise and sunder from This earth, and give no sign to us ?-the air, The common air we breathed not give us note Of what was passing? Yet 'tis well, oh! well, And God is merciful in this-as all. And higher still our praiseful voice may rise. And brighter light cheer our bedimmed eyes. When we remember, from the blood-stain'd sod, How many a soul sprung sudden to its God; --The lead—the steel—the angel hands to ope The gate of swift deliverance. Oh! the change, From the damp earth's cold bed, and scant, bad cheer, And agony unutterable, which the left Were left to bear! to be snatch'd up and borne

Immediate to His presence! to all rest, All peace, all joy, with Him whom they had loved, Having not seen!

And if some linger'd yet awhile,
To shew what faith can do in sudden view
Of death, 'mid wound and agony, oh! shall
We not be joyful that the soul we loved
Set like the sun in splendour,—stamping bright

Its holy strength on other hearts?
Therefore we will be comforted;—
"All is not lost of our beloved and blest,
Leave we the sleepers with their God to rest."

C. L.

# NOVEMBER 6.

# M. C.

"Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle."—1 Kings xx. 39.

The bravest spirits on the field of battle have often housed them in the tenderest and most susceptible bosoms.

REV. J. CUMMING.

"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—
Luke vii. 50.

At peace in the pure heaven of our Lord and Saviour—at rest.—In hope and certainty that nothing can shake again, look how he has begun his tranquil waiting for the second coming. He is with his Lord!

MERKLAND.

Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella, Vattene in pace alla superna sede, E lascia all'altri esempio di tua fede.

# NOVEMBER 7.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ."—John i. 41.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name Thus deeply in a brother's heart? Look on this saint, and learn to frame Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell Beneath the shadow of His roof, Till thou have scann'd His features well, And known Him for the Christ by proof; Such proof as they are sure to find, Who spend with Him their happy days; Clean hands and a self-ruling mind, Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then potent with the spells of Heaven, Go, and thine erring brother gain; Entice him home to be forgiven, Till he too see his Saviour plain.

That so, before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.

KEBLE.

## NOVEMBER 8.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

The sweetest surprisals of eternity will be resurrections of the works of time. When the disciple has forgotten the labour of love, he will be reminded of it in the rich reward; and though he never thought any more of the cup of cold water which he gave, or the word in season which he spake in Jesus

name, it seems that these are registered in the book of remembrance, and will all be read by their happy author, in the animating light of glory. To find the marvellous results which have accrued from feeble means—to encounter higher in salvation than yourself those of whose salvation you never hoped to hear, and learn that an entreaty, or prayer, or forgotten effort of your own, had a divine bearing on the joyful consummation—to find the prosperous fruit already growing on the shores of eternity, from seeds which you scattered on the streams of time—with what discoveries of unexpected delight it will vary the joys of the purchased possession; and with what accession of adoration and praise it will augment the exceeding weight of glory!

Life in Earnest.

## November 9.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul."—Ps. exiv. 19.

There is no grief, even on this sinful earth, Without its consolations; none which faith And patient love may not convert to bliss, Or make at least the path to it. And if Such be indeed our sorrows,—for our joys,

Our sweet refreshments, richly interspersed At intervals through all the narrow road Which leads to life eternal,—for all these, What thanks shall we repay?

MODIATRIE.

## NOVEMBER 10.

"And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."—Phil. iii. 9.

Such we are in the sight of God the Father, as is the very Son of God Himself. Let it be counted folly, or frenzy, or fury, whatsoever, it is our comfort and our wisdom. We care for no knowledge in the world like this: that man hath sinned, and God hath suffered;—that God hath made Himself the Son of man, and that men are made the righteousness of God through Him.

HOOKER.

#### NOVEMBER 11

"I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous forsaken."—Ps. xxxvii. 25.

Oh, would that men from every land Believed this blessed word; That all, in danger's darkest hour, Are safe who love the Lord.

No gift like that of Jesus' grace
To mortal man is given;
No hope, though bright, of earthly bliss,
Is like the hope of heaven.

I 've mingled with my fellow-men, On mountain, plain, and steep; And watch'd the seaman in the storm, Amid the raging deep;

And thought, while gazing on the scene, Amid the glooms, alas! How strong in God should be their trust, Who through such dangers pass.

Where'er thy wandering heart may roam,
Whatever hopes may rise,
I charge ye still to keep the love
Of God before your eyes.

For who can tell how soon your life,
Misspent, may pass away?
And none but Christ can cleanse the heart
Or cheer your dying day.

#### NOVEMBER 12.

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not edeemed with corruptible things, as silver and old,... but with the precious blood of Christ, as f a lamb without blemish and without spot."—

Pet. i. 18, 19.

7e see the leaves fall wither'd from the trees, And year by year the sweet flowers fade away; hey wither in the sharp autumnal breeze;— Has man no higher, holier hope than they?

h, yes; the fair leaves falling where we tread, Shall clothe the waving forest trees no more; ut 'Christ's redeem'd,' immortal, from the dead, Shall pass through death as through an open door:

n open door, through which faint glimpses come Of the bright joys that blessed spirits find; 'or Holy Scripture says, our heavenly home Is fairer far than all we leave behind. If, then, the Christian's hope so glorious be, Should not the Christian purify his heart, To fit him for that angel company Wherewith he hopes hereafter to have part?

And, more than angels holy, pure, and high,
There's One who left for us those realms of bliss;
Who won our places in that glorious sky,
And said our hearts must be made pure like His.

And in that heaven His children hold of Him, Himself shall to His faithful saints be near; Then let not our high hope grow faint and dim, But let us follow in His footsteps here.

C. F. H.

## NOVEMBER 13.

"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits."—James iii. 17.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart Knows its own anguish and unrest! The truest wisdom then, and noblest art, Is his who skills of comfort best; Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone,
Enfeebled spirits own;
And love to raise the languid eye,
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.

Feel only—for, in silence gently gliding,
Fain would he shun both ear and sight;
'Twixt prayer and watchful love his heart dividing,
A nursing father day and night.

KEBLE.

# NOVEMBER 14.

"Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—Phil. i. 2.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ?" He paused, and seemed to answer to himself, Yes. "The love of God,—God, my Heavenly Father?" Yes. "The fellowship of the Holy Spirit?" Yes. "Mother,"—he gently turned his head, as a child when going to sleep—"He fulfils to me that promise—'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'" He did not speak again.

ABBOTT'S Fireside.

#### NOVEMBER 15.

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death."—2 Cor. vii. 10.

Weep not for broad lands lost,
Weep not for fair hopes crost;
Weep not though limbs wax old,
Weep not though friends grow cold;
Weep not though death should part
Thine and the best-loved heart;
But weep, weep all thou can,
Weep, weep, because thou art
A sin-defiled man.

R. C. TRENCH.

## NOVEMBER 16.

"For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rereward."—Isa. ii. 12.

He knoweth my frame; all my desire is before Him; and thanks to His wisdom and love, He puts no trust in me, so that I cannot disappoint Him, I cannot deceive Him, and I cannot, therefore, be left of Him for one moment. Oh! the horror that would overwhelm me if He told me He meant to trust me for one moment, or to leave me to take one step by myself! But this is not the manner of our God. Therefore I walk before Him with joyfulness and gladness of heart; and while He is my glorious "rereward," He will also be my "forerunner;" trying every step for me, ere He suffer me to set my foot upon it.

Adonibezek.

## NOVEMBER 17.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."—Isa. liii. 5.

When the sinner sees Christ as the Scriptures describe Him, "bearing away our transgressions,"—
"suffering, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," and "ever living to make interession for us," then the burden of his sins falls off;

every string by which it was bound to him suddenly breaks, and the sinner, feeling the mighty change, "goes on his way rejoicing."

## NOVEMBER 18.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes."—Ps. cxix. 71.

If sorrow came not near us,—and the lore Which wisdom-working sorrow best imparts Found never time of entrance to our hearts,— If we had won already a safe shore, Or if our changes were already o'er,— Our pilgrim-being we might quite forget,— Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set, Where there shall be no sorrow any more. Therefore we will not be unwise to ask This, nor secure exemption from our share Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task;— Not this, but grace our portion so to bear, That we may rest, when grief and pain are over, "With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover." R. C. Trench.

## NOVEMBER 19.

"That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."—Eph. i. 17, 18.

Oh, sweet —, I fear you have yet much to learn of the depth of happiness that is comprised in the communion between a forgiven soul and its Creator.

Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell.

## NOVEMBER 20.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

—Ps. xci. 11.

I write this with a stronger feeling of pain even than the last;—an anxiety that can be soothed only by the thought that if you are gone, to you the hour of death has been the fruition of the hope of glory. Your poor —— and I have tried to cheer ourselves with the mental picture of the angels who are minimum.

stering spirits to those who are heirs of salvation, hovering over each child of God in the midst of the battle; warding off danger from some, and waiting to receive the emancipated souls of those happy ones whom the sword or the ball releases from this labouring world. Every way, therefore, for you all will be well. If you survive, fight the good fight of faith, and keep very close in communion with your God.—Extract from a letter sent before the Inkermann list came out, and returned unopened.

## NOVEMBER 21.

"I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in Thy word."—Ps. cxix. 147.

A garden so well water'd before morn
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's blaze,
Down beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds, from scorching places borne,
Shall quite prevail to make it bare and shorn
Of its green beauty—shall not quite prevail
That all its morning freshness should exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews return.
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share
Through the long day, and heavenly freshness keep,

If, knowing how the day and the day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.
R. C. TRENCH.

## NOVEMBER 22.

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you."—
Isa. lii. 12.

For wounds like these Christ is the only cure!
Go, speak to them of His world to come,
Where friends shall meet, and know each other's
face.

Say less than this, and say it to the winds!

## NOVEMBER 23.

"The spirits of just men made perfect."—
Heb. xii. 23.

They are all gone into the world of light, And I alone sit lingering here; Their very memory is fair and bright, And my sad thoughts doth cheer. It glove and gitters in my cloudy breast.

Like stars upon some gloomy grove;

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,

After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,

Whose light doth trample on my days;

My days, which are at best but dull and dreary,

Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility!

High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,

To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just! Shining nowhere but in the dark: What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged-bird's nest, May at first sight know if the bird be flown; But what fair dell, or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
No some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
thomes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all Created glories under Thee!. Resume my spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## NOVEMBER 24.

"Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—Heb. xii, 11.

Yet o'er him from above, Bright spirits bend; And He whose name is Love, Calls him His friend.

And thus he thankful learns
Why grief was given;
And, trusting, peaceful turns
To God in heaven.

T. V. Fosberg.

## NOVEMBER 25.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi. 4.

Speak rather of the future; let him gaze
With faith's untiring eyes,
There, where the distant rose and amber rays
Are stealing on the skies.
Beyond them lies a country,
Upon whose silver strand,
Time's waters lose their power,
And trouble not the land.

Tell him the shipwreck'd joys of other years.

Are landed on that coast;

The deathless love which he hath dimm'd with tears.

Hath there its sadness lost.
Ineffable tranquillity
Over that home is cast;
And only sin and sorrow
Are left unto the past.

C. N.

#### November 26.

"I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee."—

Isa. xlii. 6.

O disciple! have you not been wont to regard yourself as occupying in the Saviour's mind such a place as a star in the firmament, or a leaf in the forest, or, at best, a sheep in the uncounted fold? If these be your notions, go back to Olivet. Hear the Divine Intercessor, at its foot, exclaiming, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all who shall hereafter believe through their word:" and hear Him promising, ere His feet sunder from its grassy slopes-" And lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;" and recollect that He who prayed thus, and who promised thus, is He to whom "all power is given in heaven and in earth,"—the Alpha and Omega, who is, and was, and is to come, -the Almighty. Remember that in His comprehensive eye you, if you are truly a disciple, as truly hold a place as Peter and John; and in His allsufficient love you have a place as specific, if not as large, as they. You are one of those over whom He stretched His uplifted hands, and pronounced His parting blessing. You are one of those to whom He has promised another Comforter, and whom He has engaged to be with alway; and though formal teaching may forget it, and your own cold heart may contradict it, if you belong to Christ at all, however much you may be prized and cherished by some around you, there is One unseen who loves you more, and who, having loved you from the first, will love you to the end.

Mount of Olives.

# NOVEMBER 27.

"I will surely do thee good."-Gen. xxxii. 12

Yet let it be! for it must be for good, Or it would be not. That heaven-sent woe May tune a string that shall reverberate through The boundless, great hereafter.

J. WILLIAMS.

#### NOVEMBER 28.

"Whosever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii. 4.

Thy gladness makes me thankful every way; To look upon thy gladness makes me glad; While yet in part it well might render sad Us, thinking that we too might sport and play, And keep, like thee, continual holiday, If we retain'd the things which once we had,— If we, like happy neophites, were clad All in our "childhood's robes of bright array." And yet the gladness of the innocent child Has not more matter for our thankful glee, Than the dim sorrows of the man defiled, Since both in sealing one blest truth agree— Joy is of God, but heaviness and care Of our own hearts, and what has harbour'd there. R. C. Trench.

# NOVEMBER 29.

"Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

O brethren! strive to obtain an abundant entrance and a full reward. Seek to be so useful, that the world will miss you when away; or whether this world miss you or not, that in a better world there may be many to welcome you as you enter it, and many to follow you when you have long been there. And, above all, so live for Christ, so travail in His service.

that when you fall asleep, a voice may be her from heaven for you, saying, "Blessed are the de which die IN THE LORD; yea, saith the Spir that they may rest from their labours, and the works do follow them."

Life in Earnest.

## NOVEMBER 30.

"Let him take hold of My strength, that may make peace with Me; and he shall ma peace with Me."—Isa. xxvii. 5.

"Well! is the conflict ended? hath thy faith At length the victory won? Canst thou in calm submission say, Father, Thy will be done?"

"Oh, do not wish that I should answer thee!
And yet, within my breast
I hear an inner whispering,
His will must be the best.

"I scarcely understood how the wild storm
Thus suddenly should cease;
How the long buffetings should end
In unexpected peace.

"I think at last I have given up to God
The idol of past years;
Sacrificed on a broken heart,
With penitential tears.

"Once it seem'd very hard that He should choose
What I had loved the most!
To make me say, Thy will be done,
At such a bitter cost.

"But now I see that it was wisest done,
Claiming its rightful throne;
That, in my consecrated heart,
He might be King alone."
C. N.

#### DECEMBER 1.

"Blessed are they that do His commandmer that they may have right to the tree of life, a may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. xxii. 14.

Oh, I have followed Thee in thought,
From month to month, from day to day;
While fond imagination sought
To track thy soul's untravell'd way.

My heart has oftener turn'd to thee, Since thou hast gain'd thy home above, Than e'en when thou wert wont to be The object of my earthly love.

Perchance I should not know thee now, Clothed in thy angel-robes of light; But still my thoughts, though poor and low, Picture thee often to my sight.

I know not what thy joys have been,
Through the long months I've wept for thee
What thou hast heard, and felt, and seen,
The wonders of eternity!

But this I know—thou 'rt fully blest!
Thy form is glorious and divine;
Christ's holy image is impress'd,—
His gladdening, radiant vision thine.

Then, till the few and fleeting years,
Which now divide us, shall be o'er,
These thoughts shall check my selfish tears,
And bid me weep for thee no more.

Hours of Sorrow.

#### DECEMBER 2.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."— Eph. i. 3.

Heaven, and the right to its joys, are the purchase and the gift of another. Nor is it to the believer the least enhancing element in its priceless possession, that it is entirely the donation of his déarest Friend. To think that he shall yet have his happy home on Mount Zion—that, with feet no longer sin-defiled, he shall tread its radiant pavement, and stand on its glassy sea—that with fingers no longer ill-trained, he shall tell the harps of heaven what once he was, and who made him what he is—that.

with a voice no longer trembling, he shall transmit along the echoes of eternity the song of Moses and the Lamb—to think that his shall yet be a brow on which the drops of toil will never burst, and an eye which tears will never dim, and his a conscience pure enough to reflect the image of Him who sits upon the throne—the thought of all this is amazement, ecstacy! But there is one thought more which puts the crown upon this blessedness—the climax on this joy—

"These glorious hopes we owe to Jesus' dying love."

Life in Earnest.

# DECEMBER 3.

# M. C.

"Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips."—Ps. xxi. 2.

It was exactly four weeks that day \* when last he looked on the tints of autumn. The copses were russet then, and wore their final drapery of scarlet, and brown, and gold,—a sight which he used wonderfully to admire. But by the time the withered leaves were drifting about his grave, he needed not to mind that it was winter on the earth; for instead

<sup>\*</sup> From the battle of Inkermann.

of the roughening sea, and the searing leaves, God had shewn him the pure river, "clear as crystal," and "the tree of life, yielding fruit every month," and whose leaves "heal the nations;" and better still, he had found his long wish—he "served God and saw His face."

Altered from Lady Colquboun's Life.

## DECEMBER 4.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."—Mark v. 19.

"I am not vain enough to teach my neighbour."

#### DECEMBER 5.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preschunto them that dwell on the earth, and to every

<sup>&</sup>quot;Be assured, then, that you have never learnt yourself. He who knows that in Christ alone is safety and salvation, is constrained to tell his neighbour so."

nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."—Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

How immense the amount of good which the truly pious and zealous man may be the means, through faithful prayer, and the Holy Spirit, of effecting! This is what all are called to consider;—to consider in the light of Scripture,—in the light of the judgment day,—in the light of a guilty world on fire, and melting with fervent heat,—in the light of hell,—in the light of heaven,—the light of an endless eternity!

The Convict Ship.

## DECEMBER 6.

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us."—John xvii. 21.

There's many a happy household band Brought up around one father's knee, And led by the same mother's hand Through all their joyful infancy; But years roll on, the world is wide, And seas perchance and lands divide The brothers that play'd side by side, The sisters loved so tenderly.

Yet faithful still, though far apart,
They wear their childhood's early chain;
Still truly thrills each kindred heart
For other's joy, for other's pain.

There is a holy household, bound
In closer bond than ties of home
Or kindred claim; the wide world round
Those children of one Father roam.

Space cannot mar their unison,

For still their hopes and joys are one,
In town, and plain, and desert lone,
And far isles girt with foam.

And time, that wears each other bond, Breaks not that holy brotherhood; The patriarchal days beyond, Beyond the old destroying flood,

It clasps dim ages far away,
It holds the true of every day
Who love the Lord and choose his way—
The faithful, wise, and good.

Oh! happy commune, pure and high, And happy all who feel its sway; Blest in their one redeeming Lord, And blest by His own precious word.

C. F. H.

## DECEMBER 7.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."—Eph. ii. 19.

Many eyes never gaze upon the morning sun, except through tears; many ears hear in the brightest music the melancholy minor of human sadness. But if we are in the right state, and feel our relationship with God to be what it is, it ought not to be so. The gospel of Christ can warm the saddest house into a home; and the knowledge of God as our Father, can make the heart bound that was breaking.

The Tent and the Altar.

## DECEMBER 8.

"And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee."

— Deut. xxvi. 11.

Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer thoughts attendant on your bloom—
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells,
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume,
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music, more than this ye bring—
Far more! ye whisper of the all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dovelike wing

Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath, Whether the couch be that of life or death.

MRS HEMANS.

## DECEMBER 9.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. . . . And now I come to Thee."—John xvii. 4.

The Lord Jesus was the first and the last who ever was able to say this; but through His strength made perfect in their weakness, some have made a nearer approach to this blessedness than their more remiss and indolent brethren. It was the grief of

the pagan emperor Titus, when a day passed in which he had learnt no knowledge, or done no good: "I have lost a day!" And—

"'Tis a mournful story,
Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell
Of morning's firm resolves the vanish'd glory;
Hope's honey left within the withering bell,
And plants of mercy dead, that might have
bloom'd so well."

But it is a far more mournful story, when the eve of life arrives, to be constrained to cry, "I have lost a lifetime!"

Life in Earnest.

## DECEMBER 10.

"Let not thine hands be slack."—Zeph. iii. 16.

Oh! square thyself for use; a stone that may Fit in the wall, is left not in the way.

Be bold to bring forth fruit, though stick and stone, At the fruit-bearing trees are flung alone.

Inquire not if thy soul be foul or fair,
But if towards God its efforts striving are.
R. C. TRENCH, from Eastern sources.

\* Mrs Sigourney.

#### DECEMBER 11.

"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."— Heb. xii. 5, 6.

A great sorrow is a gift to be pondered over, to be learned patiently, and its secret to be worked out into life and action. The working of events, in the natural course of cause and effect, will call a man to as rigid an account of the use he has made of the sorrow as of the prosperity that has fallen to his lot. If it has remained a bitter, barren problem, to be complained of, to be as much as possible escaped from—if it has only brought forth cowardliness and self-compassion—woe to that man! for the consequences of a sorrow so received will fall heavy indeed!

## DECEMBER 12.

"Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me."—*Micah* vii. 7.

Thou car'st for each small separate need of my Poor heart, even as crumb by crumb Thou feed'st The winter robin. No full store of strength Is mine, lest I should boast; but fresh from Thee And Thy full-furnish'd treasure-house, my hand Can pluck the weapon fitted to my strife,—Can win the food and raiment which my soul most needs.

For Thou hast given me the key,-

The "golden key of prayer," my gracious God! Which, used in Christ's dear name, and for His sake.

Will ope heaven's fastest lock, and on my suppliant soul.

Bring down in bright profusion all Thy precious gifts.

C. L.

## DECEMBER 13.

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—Heb. x. 36.

"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father,—yea, even the hairs of our head are all numbered." Not till belief in these declarations becomes the settled habit of the soul, is life redeemed from drudgery and dreary emptiness, and made full of interest, meaning, and Divine significance. Not till then do its grovelling wants, its wearing cares, its stinging vexations, become to us ministering spirits;—each one, by a silent but certain agency, helping to fit us for a higher and more perfect sphere.

Earthly Care, a Heavenly Discipline.

## DECEMBER 14.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee?"—Job xv. 11.

Once if I felt no strength or heart to pray, If of a sudden vanish'd quite I found The goods wherein I dream'd I did abound, And this blank mood continued many a day, I was quite swallow'd up in dim dismay: My heart, I said, by deadly frost is bound, And never will warm days again come round. But now more hopefully I learn to say—It is some sin, that, lurking in my breast, Troubles the host,\* which being once confess'd, He will His presence and His light restore; Or thus one needful lesson He is fain To teach—that in ourselves we're always poor, Which learn'd, He will soon make me rich again.

R. C. Trenger.

See Joshua vii. 25.

#### DECEMBER 15.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Ps. xci. 1.

When the high priest (of Israel) went into the holy place, how deep and solemn was the stillness there!—what an awful sense of a present Deity must have filled his heart! The doors were all shut; the thick walls excluded even a whisper from the streets of Jerusalem; and in that absolute stillness,—with no light but the light of God's countenance shining upon him, he stood alone in the presence of Him who filled that secret place of the temple with his glory. What a deep and solemn sense, I say, of the presence of God must that high priest have felt!

Brethren, we are all "priests unto God;" and we have all access unto the true holy place—to the actual presence of God—and how profound should be our sense of Him! Yet, alas! how little do we realise the sense of a present God! How little do we feel,—when we go out, or when we come in,—when we pray, or when we praise—this heart-piercing sentiment: "Thou, God, seest me!" Yet the believer in Christ should dwell "in the secret place of the Most High;" and in all that is magnificently great, and in all that is beautifully minute,—in the rush and roar of a nation's overthrow, and in the right.

pling wave of private and individual sorrow,—should find Him, his shelter, his refuge, his fortress, his high tower, and his strength.

Arranged from Rev. John Cumming.

### DECEMBER 16.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now: and not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."—Rom. viii. 22, 23.

The groans of nature in this nether world, Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung. The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes. Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course Over a sinful world; and what remains Of this tempestuous state of human things, Is merely as the working of a sea Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.

From Dr Cumming's Signs of the Times.

### DECEMBER 17.

"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxv. 13.

Persuade yourself that the King is coming. Read His letter sent before Him: "Behold, I come quickly." Wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the Eastern sky.

RUTHERFORD.

#### DECEMBER 18.

"Behold, I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast."—Rev. iii. 11.

And now another hour approacheth near; Swiftly it cometh "as a snare" on all; When Christ, descending in a veiling cloud, Shall summon kingdoms at His trumpet's call; A Judge omnipotent, a gracious Friend, At whose dread presence every knee shall bend.

Ye preachers of the Word, speak boldly forth,
As if ye stood before that judgment-seat;

Ye are the watchmen that are set on high— Speak as it were your pulses' final beat; Arouse your people from their fatal sleep; Reclaim for Christ His lost and erring sheep!

"Distress of nations with perplexing thoughts, Famine, and pestilence, and fearful signs;"
Men's spirits failing them for fear, who look
With searching earnestness on God's designs,
Writ with His finger on the wall of Time.
Behold the burden of His words sublime!

Let us take heed, then, lest our hearts be charged
To surfeiting, with life's engrossing cares;
Let us stand ready with the lamp of Faith,
Nor let this day o'ertake us unawares.

Watching and prayer be ours—calm thoughts on
high—
Lift up your heads!—redemption draweth nigh!
SOSPIRO.

#### DECEMBER 19.

"And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."—Rev. xiv. 15.

The fire of God is soon to fall (Thou know'st it) on this earthly ball;—

In silence, ere that storm begin, Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart, From visions vain content to part, Strong for love's sake its woe to hide, May cheerful wait the Cross beside; Too happy if, that dreadful day, Thy life be given thee for a prey!

Snatch'd sudden from th' avenging rod, Safe in the bosom of thy God, How wilt thou then look back and smile On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile; And bless the pangs that made thee see, This was no world of rest for thee!

KEBLE.

# DECEMBER 20.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—Ps. xxv. 10.

God willeth what He doeth; and if His will accord not with thine, wilt thou doubt which is wisest and best?

Mackintosh's Life.

#### DECEMBER 21.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—Rev. i. 5, 6.

Soul, that art fallen from thine ancient place,
Mayest thou in this mean world find nothing great,
Nor aught that shall the memories efface
Of that true greatness which was once thine own,
As knowing thou must keep thy kingly state,
If thou wouldst re-ascend thy kingly throne.
R. C. TRENCH.

#### DECEMBER 22.

"That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Eph. iii. 16, 17.

When Jesus cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," and promised that rivers

of living waters should flow through the heart of the believer, "He spake of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive." The Holy Spirit is actually bestowed on the people of God. He is to them a better Spirit, superseding their own. He is the author of that athletic self-denial, and flesh-conquering fervour, of which they are conscious from time to time; and it is He who gives that transforming affection to the person of Christ, and that heroic ardour in the service of Christ, to which inactivity is impossible, and silence oppressive. The heart is dry as "summer's dust" without the Spirit of God; and that is the believing, loving, happy, and energetic heart in which the Holy Spirit dwells.

Life in Earnest.

# DECEMBER 23.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jer. viii. 22.

Through the snow's blotting flakes, Through the dull, damp-mist's veil, Through the wild tempest's might, It shines all night,—shines bright. Growing, as twilight pales— Like summer star at eve— Into clear, far-seen light, It shines all night,—shines bright.

Shines through the leafless trees,— Crossing with golden ray The blue morn's silver light, It shines all night,—shines bright.

It is the Doctor's light, and tells of help; Tells, too, of pain and sickness needing help, Of the faint pulse that stops at midnight's toll, Of the quick throb of body's agony, Or heart-quake of dread fear that palsies life.

To all it tells of help,
And shines all night,—shines bright.

Physician of our souls!
Thy blessed light shines too;
Shines through life's brilliant light,
Shines through life's night,—shines bright.

Shines through grief's cold, chill sky, Shines through joy's fervid ray; Shines through sin's maddening fight, Shines through death's night,—shines bright.

Steals to the sad lorn heart, Rests there where sorrow pines; Gilds the lone tear with light, And shines all night,—shines bright!

#### DECEMBER 24.

"Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."—Ps. xlii. 8.

While framing these seasonable resolutions, a strain of low, sweet, solemn music stole through the air. The Christmas "waits" were playing beneath some distant window. "Ah," thought I, "we are apt to fancy ourselves in the blackness of darkness when any sorrow or bereavement comes over us, and yet our good God 'sends us a song in the night!" The poor shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem lay watching their flocks by night, when all seemed dark and dreary; but suddenly a light shone upon them, and they heard sweet music in the air, even sweeter than that which I now hear."

Then I thought of the Manger, and the Holy Child, and the wise men following the star. The folds of the window curtain were a little apart, and I too could see the stars glimmering.

#### DECEMBER 25.

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. xxix. 2.

"Shall the sons of the heavenly inheritance shrink from their native air? Shall the Prince's birth-day be kept as a universal jubilee, and the Prince Himself be banished from the gladness His birth has given?"

MISS DRURY'S Song of Christmas.

#### DECEMBER 26.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily."—Hosea xiv. 5.

There grew a fair white lily in the shade
Of a green wood, where never man drew near,
But round the lonely flower bright sunbeams play'd,
And the dew fell in drops as silver clear.

The sceptred king, his golden gates within,
Had not a robe as beautiful and bright
As that poor flower, that did not toil or spin,
Wore in the wildwood, far from human sight.

She saw no hand to bring her the sweet dew,
To shield her from the hot sun's noontide ray,
Yet without care or thought the fair thing grew,
And shed her grateful perfume every day.

Shall man, then, fret and pine at his poor lot,
And mourn his state as friendless and unknown?
The God, of whom the flower is unforgot,
Much more, much more, He careth for His own!
C. F. H.

### DECEMBER 27.

"But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? for He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap."—

Mal. iii. 2.

Are you prepared to meet God? Let me ask you,—in the prospect of that throne from which our final sentence shall be pronounced; in the prospect of that dread tribunal from which there can be no appeal; in the prospect of that meeting with God when nothing but the blood of the Lamb has eloquence, and for which nothing but the work of the Spirit can be preparation—is your confidence this day in the efficacy of that most precious blood? are your hearts this day sanctified and changed by the Holy Spirit of God?

#### DECEMBER 28.

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. x. 37.

May God Almighty, in His great grace, produce in the hearts of all His saints a more ardent purpose of soul, to raise in this closing hour a fuller, higher, more vigorous and decided testimony for Christ; that so, ere the shout of the Archangel and the trump of God are heard, there may be a great people prepared to meet and welcome the heavenly King!

Thou and Thy House.

#### DECEMBER 29.

"The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—Josh. xvii. 14.

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And every moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

WESLEY.

#### DECEMBER 30.

"I will love them freely."-Hosea xiv. 4.

To thee God is telling this day the story of His free love, that, receiving it, thou mayest not perish, but have everlasting life. 'That free love thus received into thy heart in believing, would fill thee with joy unspeakable. It would be like fragrance from the flowers of Eden, like sunshine from the very heaven of heavens. It would not call on thee to wait till thou hadst made thyself ready for receiving it; it would come into thee at once, like sunlight into thy lattice, without insisting that thy chamber should be adorned for its reception. It would cost thee nothing but the giving up of that which is far better lost, and which would be a poor recompense for a ruined soul.

REV. H. BONAR.

#### DECEMBER 31.

"Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life."—Deut. iv. 9.

And all the "hours" came up for judgment; and I thought I saw the hours of my life come sailing up from the deep past; and I looked not for those which should speak of earthly joys and acquisitions, but for those which should speak of faith, and prayer, and love, and service,—hours spent in musing on the Bible—in communing with, in imitating Christ—in conquering sin and the world—in making known the Saviour to lost souls.

Then came the knell of the dying year! I counted the twelve strokes, and made the hour they ushered in, an hour of prayer.

The Old Year's Last Hours.



# OCCASIONAL PIECES.

# FOR SUNDAY.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord; He is their strength in the time of trouble."—Ps. xxxvii. 39.

Father, which art on high!

Weak is the melody

Of harp or song to reach Thine awful ear,

Unless the heart be there,

Winging the words of prayer,

With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.

Let then Thy Spirit brood
Over the multitude,—
Be Thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest;
So shall their cry have power,
To win from Thee a shower
Of healing gifts, for every wounded breast.

MRS HEMANS.

FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE GOOD FRIDAY.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch.... Couldst thou not watch one hour?"—Mark xiv. 34, 37.

O my Redeemer! can I sleep
With heart at ease, with spirits light,
When Thou for me such watch didst keep
On this sad night?

Shall I not "watch with Thee one hour,"
And strive, by importuning prayer,
Through faith and love's constraining power,
Thy griefs to share?

Thence would I follow Thee in thought,
To that lone spot, so dark for Thee,—
For us with light and gladness fraught,—
Gethsemane!

Thy unknown anguish suffer'd there,
Thy soul's dismay, the wrath of God,—
All were endured, that we might share
Thy bright abode.

How can I choose but weep and wake,
When such a night, my God! was Thine?
Thou all the penalty didst take:

The guilt was mine.

Hours of Sorrow.

#### FOR A BIRTHDAY.

"For the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. iv. 18.

Day of my birth! I welcome thee, and pray Each year may lend new brightness to thy ray.

Day of bright retrospection! when the soul
Swells with high gratitude for mercies shower'd;
Counts o'er the record twelve brief months unroll,
Then sinks beneath the summary, overpower'd!
Day of adoring thankfulness and praise,
To higher strains of love my spirit raise.

Oh, be thou to me, each revolving year,
A monitor more welcome, and more dear;
A heaven-sent messenger, glad news to bring,
And added swiftness to my spirit's wing:
Bearing within, around, a purer ray,
"Brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

Hours of Sorrow.

	PAGE	I	PAGE
'midst ancient .	118	As mountain	. 77
irop falling	238	As through the .	. 146
nt spirit	219	As to what lies .	. 287
nt spirit is	249	At length observing	. 52
en so well	266	At peace in the pure	. 254
sorrow is	285	At the close of this .	. 89
itle words!	109	A wretched thing .	. 188
the world	178		
e are slow	23	Be thankful that .	. 186
ould that man .	78	Be thou content	. 52
less is	163	Birds have their .	. 94
flagitious	172	Blessed God of heaven!	. 87
se who	200	Blessings, O Father!	. 126
ity Father! Thou .	98	By the breath of	. 99
ghitbe	100	1 *	-
lat perfect	284	"Children-of-God .	. 144
the "hours" .	801	Christ leads me	. 228
ar to sorrow	206	Content thee greedy	. 148
we our hearts .	102		
oly men	187	Day of my birth!	. 804
at seasons	91	Delight always in .	. 9
in after years .	16	Depend upon it .	. 201
this earth	213	Disgust, weariness .	. 215
saw the Lord	223	Do the right deed .	. 20
such grace	105	Do these rejoice	. 120
urmur I	84	Doth Thy dread eye.	. 57
wanother	290	Do with me what .	. 81
ow, O Lord!	85	Do you suppose .	. 225
w there seems .	106	Draw nigh unto .	. 176
ilt Thou never .	232		
ilt Thou seek	60	Each word we speak	. 20
u prepared	298	Early set forth	970
man	196	Eden and the new .	. 74.4
this day shall .	239	Equal and steady .	

	AGE	1
Every blessing is to us .	47	I am not vain enough
Every misery that	176	I am to die!
Myery misery mat	110	I am very glad
Father, my soul would be	59	I am willing that .
Father of heaven	93	I ask not that in .
77.43 1.1-34	302	I began to see what.
Fear not for death	246	I cannot choose but
Fear not to think it.	12	I can say truly
Forgive, O Father!	10	I could have deemed
	267	I could not sleep .
For wounds like these . For your life	132	I could scarcely .
Freely loved .	160	If God has so array'd
From God's religion	117	If my soul's
From God a rengion .	111	If rightly you love God
Give God that first	216	If some poor wandering
Give me my scallop-shell	107	If sorrow came not .
God's voice was not	26	If we, all of us
God says, "I am thy .	73	If you be the children
God willeth what	292	
		I give thee to thy God
Good men and angels .	103 48	I go to prepare.
Go to Christ—so long .	82	I had built myself .
Go up, and watch	192	I have been very .
Grant me assurance .	179	I have had a joy
Great Shepherd of	119	I have no power
Wed discovered	79	I know not at this time I know the trial is
- Had discovered	155	I looked into the
Hans would kindly	84	I love to think .
Hark how the birds . Hath she not slept	227	Infinite toil
	245	I never watched
Have you thought Heaven, and the right .	277	Inquire, my soul
He cannot mistake	212	Instead of my own
77 11	162	In that hour
77 1 11	263	In the mid silence
He knows His sheep .	231	I remember you said
He might have built .	150	I shall no more
He polishes the jewel .	42	Is life begun
He who came	203	Is not the work of
He who has Christ	171	I stand, and silently
His parting words to her	1/1	Is there to whom
Holy, and wondrous .	249	It is a blessed thought
Hope on, brother!	63	It is a blessing
How beautiful is all		I therefore would not
How blessed is this feeling	92 24	It is impossible for .
How immense the	280	It is impossible to lead
	61	It is impossible to lead It is the simple, sincere
How the heart stops .	O.	It is told me
I am going to Jesus	218	It is told ine
Bonne oo ooo an		

	P۸	GE			LGE
It needs more		63	Ob, fold again thy weary		125
It was exactly four	. :	278	Oh, I have followed Thee		276
I was moody and restless		44	"Oh! it is all darkness!		140
I was pondering	. :	156	Oh! leave us		78
I would blot out		69	Oh, Merciful One!		129
		202	Oh, not in fear		28
I write this with .		265	O Holy Ghost, the .		4
	•		Oh! purify mine eyes		11ī
Jesus, my sorrow .		86	Oh! square thyself .		284
o ob and may not to the	•		Ol T.C		265
Lady that in the .	. :	170	Oh watch and pray		217
T . 1 33 to 3		22	Oh, watch and pray. Oh, when the weary		36
	•	29	Oh would that man		258
* .	٠.	123	Oh, would that men O Lord! Thou seest.		
			Oblasiable Tand	•	02
Lord, I have viewed	٠.	65	Oh! might I find Oh mortal! range not O my Redeemer! O Nature, thou didst Once if I felt no Our course is	•	3
		286	O mortai range not	•	177
		299	O my Redeemer!	•	303
		142	O Nature, thou didst	•	145
		229	Once if I felt no .	•	287
Love to Jesus		189			221
		- 1	Our entrance into .		150
Man in his weakness		15			
Many eyes never gaze	. :	282	Patience itself becomes		56
May God Almighty.	. :	299	Persuade yourself		290
Mercy and light .		37			78
"Mother dear.		184	TO 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		159
March hame		130			65
My Saviour! be Thou		8	The state of the same		86
My Lord and God! .	:	98	70 1 11		
36	:	ĭ	Prover—proise !	:	27
Mysterious night!		158	Prayer—praise! Prayers innumerable	•	195
		247			105
my unforgotten child?	•	241	Pressing with reverend		170
Manney may Cod		71	Tressing with teverent	•	110
Nearer, my God	•		Decelled that mhatemen		0.0
Never forget that Jesus	•	59	Recollect that whatever	•	96
	•	28	<b>a</b>		
	•	64		•	166
Nor can ye not	•	193	Send down, O God .	•	18
No silver trumpet . Not always on the .	•	285	Shall the sons of .	•	297
Not always on the .	•	88	Shew me the way .	•	19
		286	Should the cistern .		122
Not father, nor mother		46	Some murmur		157
Nothing is left		230	Shew me the way Should the cistern Soine murmur Soon wilt Thou take Soul, that art fallen		149
-		l i	Soul, that art fallen .		293
O brethren! strive to		278	Speak low to me Speak rather of the Such we are in the		154
O disciple! have you		271	Speak rather of the .		270
		22	Such we are in the .		. 521
Oh / heautiful are stream			Sun of my soul!		. Z.(:

	1	PAGE	I	1	PAGE
Sweet is the smile .		21	They know the Almighty	rs	72
Sweet nurslings .		110	They were the only .		208
•			Think much of God's		88
Tears, silent trials .		82	This gospel!		6
Tell me—what is .		221	Thither by night .		166
That sunny Sabbath		252	Thou art like night .		220
The Almighty has		239	Thou carest for each		286
The beautiful appeal	٠	121	Thou didst it		66
The believer is the .			Thou God! before .		90
The bounteous hand		155	Thou hast thy record		190
The fire of God is .		292	Thou knowest our .		38
The grace of our Lord	•	261	Thou mayest see life		134
The groans of nature		289	Thou that hast given		210
The heart I cannot .	٠	207	Thou then our strength		218
The knowledge of .	٠	85	Thou who hast deigned		190
The Lord is	•	185			204
The Lord Jesus was.	٠	283	Thus bad and good .	•	49
The low sweet tones	•	97	Thus you see		191
The morning cometh	٠	53	Thy gladness makes	•	272
Then let us be	•	194	'Tis gone, that bright		243
Then love your	•	46	To ask, with	•	147
Then raised the Prince	٠	119	To Him—to Him return		139
Then why should I .	٠	85	To Him who died	•	138
The proclamation .	٠	204	Too often the gravest		243
The question has	٠	82	To thee God is telling	•	800
There are in this .	•	182	To these my poor	•	209
There are refreshments	•	44			67
There can be no entire	٠	18	Two hours or more .	•	164
Therefore, alone in .	•	75 297	Tinhoond he all had		100
There grew a fair .	•		Unheard by all but .	•	122
There is a morning star	٠	151 180	Vottona in mass		254
There is a ruling .	•	116	Vattene in pace View thy forerunners .		66
There is a Spirit There is love enough	•	152	view thy forerunners .		00
There is no death .	•	89	"Walter," said the		50
There is no grief .	•	256	We cannot pass our		101
There is no need .	•	162	Weep not for broad .		262
There is therefore .	:	83	We have not a full		127
There lies thy cross .	•	79	We have often seen		230
There's many a happy	•	280	W-1		283
There was a little .	•	197	Welcome, U pure		181
The sea is like a mirror	•	136	Well is the conflict		974
The Spirit must be .	:	100	Well may we make We see the leaves We thank Thee		212
The starlight dews .	:	118	We see the leaves		259
The strongest	:	228	We thank Thee		251
he sweetest surprisals	:	255	We walk amid .  Whatever else you  What is it to be	- 1	224
he world's a room .	:	260	Whatever else you .	-	227
ow are all some	-	967	What is it to be	. '	410

	F	AGE	1	1	AGE
What more righteous		15	Why should we faint		199
What thou savest .		8	Why should we fear .		17
When Abraham		55	Woe worth these .	:	124
When gifts are		142	Wouldst thou the .		54
When happy thoughts		198	Would you be young	:	84
When Jesus cried .	:	293			
When plainest	:	196	Yea, still the Son .		161
When prayer delights		166	Ye poetry of woods!	-	115
When the high priest	•	288	Yes! all things tell .	:	26
When the sinner .	·	263	Yes, lightly, softly .	:	104
When thou hast	·	208	Yes! we are sons of God	-	25
When thus he lav .	•	175	Yet even now	:	51
When we understand	•	7	Yet let it be!	:	272
Wherefore should I .	•	233	Yet o'er him from .		269
While framing these.	•	296	Yet shall there	٠.	168
Who art thou, that .	•	254	Your departed friends	•	118
Who may the horror	•	62	2 car acpus tou monds	•	-10



# A Selection from the Catalogue

٥F

# JAMES NISBET AND CO.,

#### 21 BERNERS STREET.

1.

Heavenly Thoughts for Morning Hours. Uniform with this vol. Silk, 4s. 6d.

2.

The Southern Cross and the Southern Crown; or, the Gospel in New Zealand. By Miss TUCKER, Author of "Abbeokuta," "Rainbow in the North," &c. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

3.

My Brother's Keeper. An American Tale. Reprinted from "Excelsior." Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

4.

Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, during the Winter of 1854-5. Crown 840, price 4s.

Notes of a Tour in the Valleys of Piedmont.

By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Nobl., M.A. Fcap.

8vo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

6

Principle and Practice; Lectures on Confirmation. By the Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, M.A. 18mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

7.

The Family of Bethany; or, Meditations on the Eleventh Chapter of the Gospel according to St John. By L. Bonner. With an Introductory Essay by the late Rev. Hugh White. Thirteenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s., cloth.

8.

Victory Won. A Brief Memorial of the Last
Days of G. R. Second Edition. With a Preface. Fcap.
8vo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

9.

The Dove on the Cross, and other Thoughts in Verse. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d., cloth.

10.

A Short History of the Waldensian Church in the Valleys of Piedmont, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Jane Louisa Willyams, Author of "Chillon," &c. With a Preface by the San. Dr GILLY. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

The Mind and Words of Jesus. By the Author of "The Faithful Promiser," &c. In one vol., 1s. 6d., cloth.

12.

The Footsteps of St Paul; being a Life of the Apostle, designed for Youth. By the Author of "The Faithful Promiser," &c. With Many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

13.

Preces Paulinæ. The Devotions of St Paul. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

14.

Christ our Life, in its Origin, Law, and End.
By the Rev. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D. Second Edition.
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

15.

An Examination of the Theological Essays of Mr Maurice. By R. S. Candlish, D.D. Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

16.

Heavenly Things; or, the Blessed Hope. By the Rev. ROBERT MEEK, M. A., Author of "The Mutual Recognition of Glorified Saints," &c. Fcap., 3s. 6d., cloth.

17.

Theodoxia; or, Glory to God. An Evidence for the Truth of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Drok. son. Fcap. 8vo, 8s. 6d., cloth.

Excelsior; Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature. Vols. I. and II., with many Illustrations, 4s. each.

19.

Irvingism and Mormonism tested by Scripture.

By the Rev. Emilius Guers.
James Bridges, Esq., W.S.

With Prefatory Notes by
Crown 8vo, 2s., cleth.

20.

The Last Things; being an Examination of the Doctrine of Scripture concerning the Resurrection, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Millennium. With special reference to the Second Edition of the Rew-David Brown's Work on "the Second Advent." By the Rev. WALTER WOOD, A.M., Elie. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d., eloth.

21.

Popular Objections to the Premillennial Advent and to the Study of Prophetic Scriptures Comaidered. By George Ogilvy, Esq., of Cove. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 4s., cloth.

22.

Prophetical Landmarks. Containing Data for helping to Determine the Question of Christ's Premillennial Advent. By the Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s., cloth.

23.

A Discourse on the Evil Character of these our Times; proving them to be the "Perilous Times" of the "Last Days." By the late Rev. Edward Inving, A.M. A New Edition. With a Preface by the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.

Ruth. Six Lectures delivered in All Souls'
Church, Langham Place, during Lent, 1854. By the
Rev. B. Philpot, M.A., Rector of Great Cressingham,
Norfolk. 18mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

25.

The Epistle to the Hebrews Compared with the Old Testament. By the Author of "The Song of Solomon compared with other parts of Scripture." Fcap., 3s. 6d., cloth.

26.

Original Reflections and Conversational Remarks; chiefly on Theological Subjects. By J. E. Gobdon, Esq. Fcap. 8vo, 5s., cloth.

27.

The Lamp and the Lantern; or, Light for the Tent and the Traveller. By James Hamilton, D.D. Third Edition. 16mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

28.

Is it Possible to make the Best of both Worlds?

By the Rev. Thomas Binney. Fortieth Thousand.

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d., sewed; 2s. 6d., cloth.

29.

The Listener. By Caroline Fry. A New and
Cheaper Edition. Illustrated with many Wood Engravings. In one handsome volume, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.,
cloth.

Germany during the Insurrections of 1848. Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

31.

A Volume of Family Prayers. By the Author of the "Faithful Promiser," &c. Third Edition: Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

32.

The Eternal Day. By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. Uniform with "The Night of Weeping," and "The Morning of Joy." 18mo, 2s., cloth.

33.

Why Weepest Thou? or, The Cry from Ramah Hushed by the Voice from Heaven. By the Rev. John MAGPARLANE, LL.D., Author of "The Night Lamp," &c. 16mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

34.

The Song of Solomon compared with other parts of Scripture. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

35.

Second Series of Plain Sermons, for all the Sundays and Chief Holidays of the Year. Preached to a Village Congregation. By the Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A. Two vols. crown 8vo, 10s. 6d., cloth.

36.

Select Letters and Remains, from the MSS. of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson. Raited by the Rev. John Ballie. Two vols. crown 8vo, 10s., cloth.

